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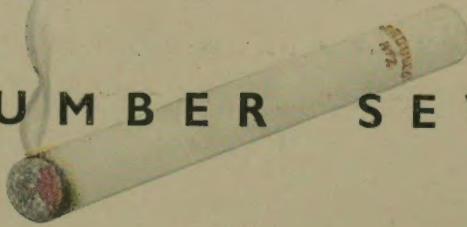
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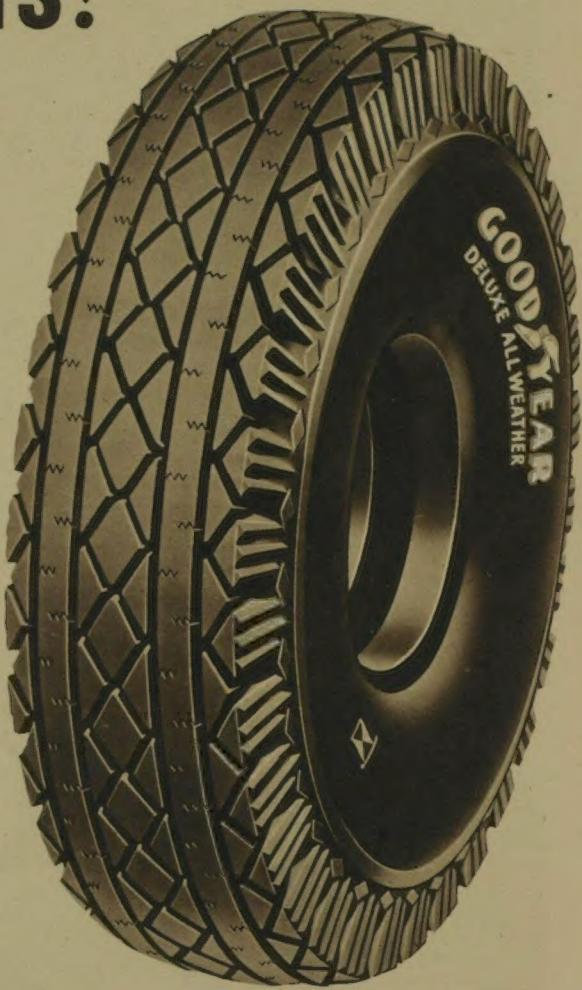
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Churton Hall Farm is situated near Chester by the banks of the River Dee. Like most of the older houses in these parts it is timber framed and, although built in 1569, it still retains much of its original appearance. It is now the home of Mr. W. H. Crump, a dairy farmer who owns a large herd of T.T. Friesian cattle.

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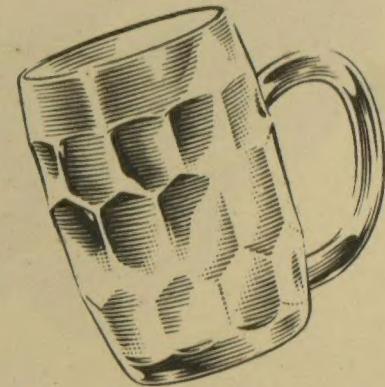
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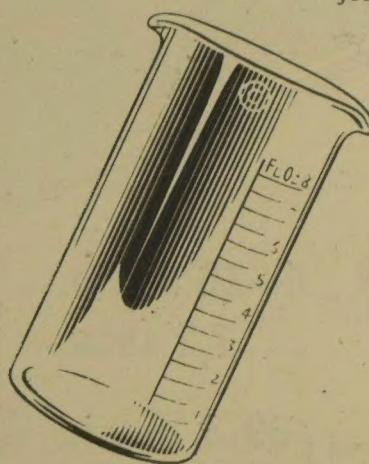
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— the 'barrel' pint beer mug seen in bars from Sunderland to Singapore. Made in the Flint Glass section of Joblings



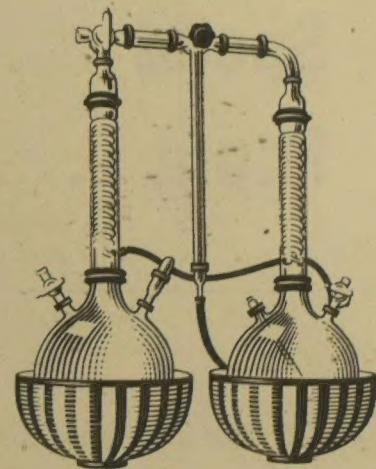
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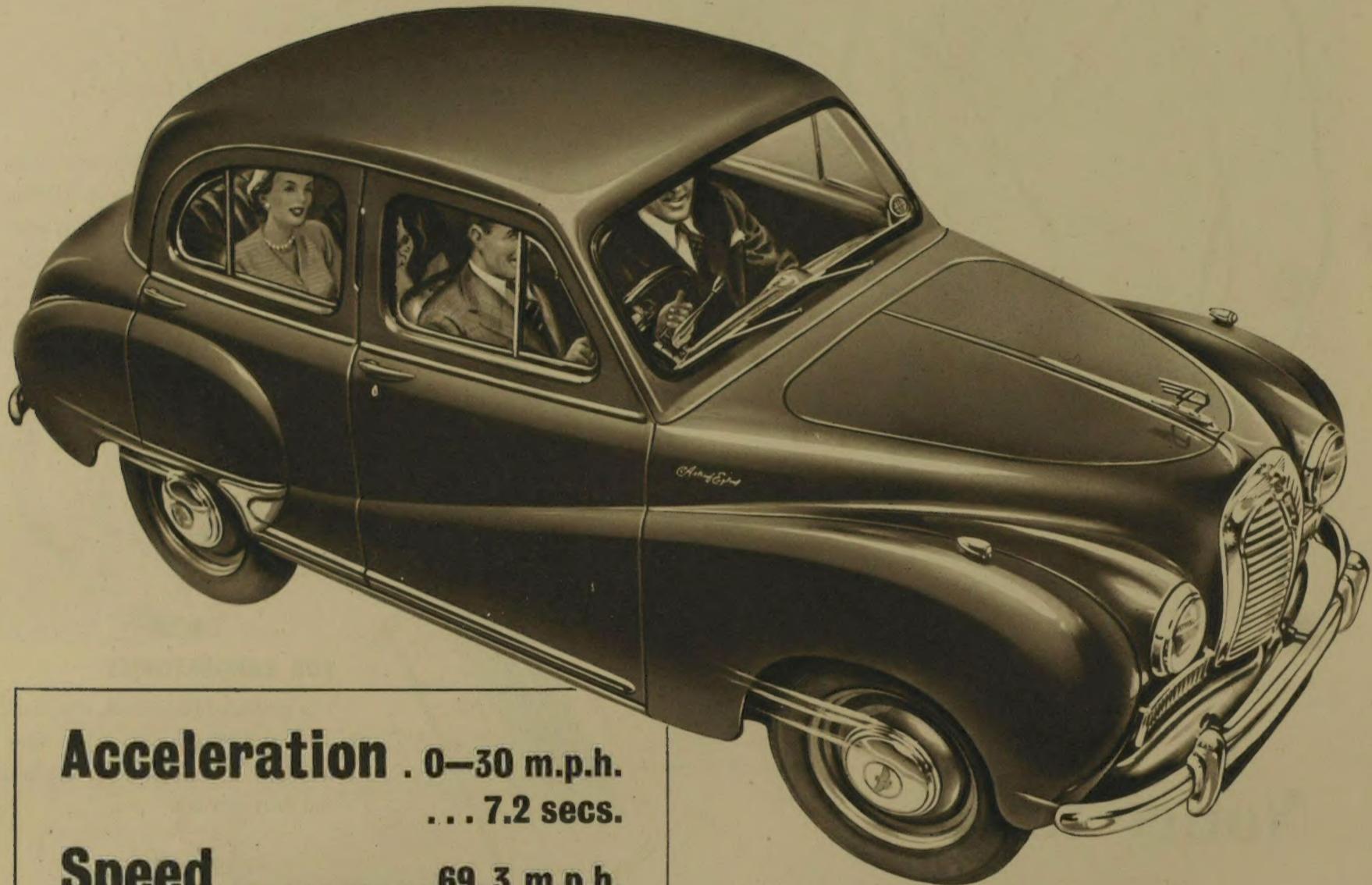


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SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1952.



LEAVING FOR KOREA AS "REPRESENTATIVES OF THE FREE NATIONS OF ALL THE WORLD": THE 1ST BATTALION THE BLACK WATCH, ABOARD THE TRANSPORT EMPIRE ORWELL, SEEN OFF AT SOUTHAMPTON BY RELATIVES AND FRIENDS.

On May 13 Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, fulfilling her first public engagement since the death of King George VI., inspected the 1st Battalion The Black Watch, of which regiment her Majesty is Colonel-in-Chief, at Crail Camp, Fife. In her address, the Queen Mother said: "The experience now before you is no new one for The Black Watch, for this is, I believe, the twenty-first time that your famous battalion has sailed from these shores to take up arms in distant lands. On the last three occasions I have been able to visit you before your departure, and I am especially proud to be here to-day, for it is not only in the service of your Sovereign and your country that you now take

the field, but you go as representatives of the free nations of all the world." On May 21 the 1st Battalion The Black Watch sailed from Southampton for Korea in the transport *Empire Orwell*, and were seen off by General Sir Neil M. Ritchie, Colonel of the Regiment, who told them: "You are going to a very fine fighting formation, the 1st Commonwealth Division, which is the first of its kind to have fought in the history of the British Empire." As the transport left her berth the band of the battalion, which is remaining in Britain, played "Auld Lang Syne," and the pipers, who are going to Korea, played "Wha Saw the 42nd?" on deck.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

EVERY few weeks some British or American statesman rises on his feet and utters comfortable words. He tells us that the threat of war, though still real, has receded a little. He generally suggests, unless he happens to be Mr. Aneurin Bevan—who apparently, however, holds to the same first thesis—that its recession has been due to the progress in our rearmament programme. Every few weeks, too, an American military or naval air chief makes a statement, usually before a Committee of Congress, that supremacy in the air is passing, or is going to pass, to Soviet Russia. I wish I could feel that these two species of statement were compatible. I do not. Every instinct and all my reason warns me that they are utterly incompatible. I do not know whether the gloomy predictions of American air chiefs are correct. But I know that if they are, the optimistic utterances of American and British statesmen must be incorrect. If the Western nations should lose their former supremacy in the air, war would not be less probable, but far more probable. It would, in that event, so far as one can foretell human conduct, be almost inevitable.

We had better face squarely up to this issue and get it straight. Since 1945 command of the air has come to mean something quite different to what it meant before 1945, even to what it meant in, say, 1944, to an inhabitant of Berlin, Hamburg or the Ruhr. It means the atom bomb. It means Hiroshima and Nagasaki; and, almost certainly, much worse. No temporising politician or dilatory Civil Servant dilating on the protective virtues of brown paper or of some particular colour of clothing, no scheme of civil defence, is going to save Britain, with her overcrowded cities and vulnerable population, from an enemy with a sufficient supply of long-distance bombers and atomic bombs if Britain is unable to maintain supremacy in her own skies. I do not say that a single atomic bomb dropped on London—dreadful though the effect would almost certainly be—would cripple our capacity to fight on; being the kind of people we are, we should undoubtedly do so. But forty or fifty such bombs placed with impunity on our capital and industrial cities could presumably have only one result. They would end Britain's existence as a great industrial power, even if they failed to destroy her society and will to survival. Once a determined enemy of Britain possesses a sufficient supply of atomic bombs, there is only one thing that can avert war: Britain's capacity to defend herself. And neither armoured divisions in Germany nor aircraft carriers in the North Sea would be able to save her if she lacked strength in the air. Command of the air is decided in the air, by whatever weapons. We saw that for ourselves in 1940. The people of Germany and Japan saw it in 1944 and 1945.

To those who argue, regardless of our country's existing commitments and obligations to others, that, while this is true, no nation is likely to attack Britain so long as she pursues a neutral and unaggressive policy, I would ask one simple question. Do the rulers of Soviet Russia regard the avoidance of bloodshed and violence as more important than the establishment of Communism in capitalist countries so long as the latter end can be achieved without endangering the Communist stronghold in the U.S.S.R.? Everything that has happened in the past decade shows most clearly that they do not. To fail to destroy a capitalist State when it was within the power of the Communist rulers of Russia to do so safely, would be, in their eyes, a betrayal of the workers of that country, of the Marxist creed and of the cause of world Communism. Anyone who fails to see that in the light of what

has happened must be incapable of sight and reason. All the indications, as her position on land is virtually invulnerable, are that once the rulers of Russia were convinced that they could win a quick war in the air they would launch such a purging war against the effete forces of a corrupt capitalist society. To argue that Britain is not a corrupt capitalist society, or need not be if the electors do their duty, is beside the point. It is not the electors or statesmen of Britain who will decide whether Britain is a corrupt capitalist society, but the Marxist high-priests of the Kremlin. In the latter's view, if their own utterances on the matter are to be believed, Mr. Attlee's Welfare State seemed a particularly revolting species of corrupt capitalist society. If Stalin or Molotov could by a stroke of the pen wipe it out, or its present Churchillian successor—and, for all practical purposes, the two seem remarkably alike—who in his senses would doubt that they would do so? If they possessed the physical power to do so without danger to their own community, they would almost unquestionably, and out of the highest sense of duty, make such a stroke of the pen. Britain, after whatever necessary purging by atomic or other weapons, would go the way of Estonia, Lithuania, Latvia, Poland, Roumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and China. She would enter—by the same external compulsion as others—the new catholic and Marxist people's totalitarian Church and State. Unless, therefore, we are prepared for this to happen, and are ready, too, to endure the preliminary and purging ordeal of violence

MODELS FOR LONDON'S NEW GOG AND MAGOG.



CARRYING ARMS SIMILAR TO THOSE BORNE BY THEIR PREDECESSORS DESTROYED IN THE ATTACK ON LONDON ON DECEMBER 29, 1940: MR. DAVID EVANS' PLASTER MODELS FOR THE NEW STATUES OF GOG (RIGHT) AND MAGOG. EFFIGIES OF THESE GIANTS, ORIGINALLY GOGMAGOG AND CORINEUS, EXISTED IN HENRY V.'S REIGN.



PUTTING FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE PLASTER MODELS FOR THE STATUES OF GOG AND MAGOG WHICH HE IS TO CARRY OUT TO THE ORDER OF SIR GEORGE WILKINSON, BT.: MR. DAVID EVANS.

The Guildhall statues of Gog and Magog (measuring 14 ft. 6 ins. in height), carved in 1708 by Richard Saunders to replace the earlier figures of wicker and pasteboard, were destroyed by enemy action when London suffered air attack on December 29, 1940. This was during Sir George Wilkinson's term of office as Lord Mayor of London, and by a generous gesture, he is replacing them; and has commissioned Mr. David Evans to produce limewood statues, 9 ft. high, of the giants. Gog has the long pole from which a globe studded with spikes is suspended (a weapon known in the Middle Ages as a "morning star"). The former statues were removed from the sides of the door leading to the Council Chamber of Guildhall to the new gallery in 1869, and when another gallery has been built to replace that burned out in 1940, Gog and Magog will again take up their positions. [Copyright reserved for the sculptor.]

aircraft carrier in the North Sea could avail us anything if London and our great industrial cities were destroyed. They would be as useless as the Japanese forces in South-East Asia and the Pacific Islands were in 1945 to the defence of Japan, or, for that matter, the battle-axes of the Saxon house-carls against the lances and armour of Norman chivalry.

THE £200,000 LONDON MAIL-VAN ROBBERY: THE SCENE AND THE CLUES.



THE SCENE OF THE MAIL-VAN ROBBERY IN WHICH £200,000 (IN £1 AND 10S. NOTES) WAS STOLEN: LOOKING ALONG EASTCASTLE STREET TOWARDS NEWMAN STREET, AT THE END. THE MAIL-VAN WAS FORCED INTO THE PAVEMENT IN FRONT OF THE ROAD WORKS AND THE BANDITS EVENTUALLY DROVE LEFT, ALONG NEWMAN STREET.



THE RAINCOAT FOUND AT THE SCENE OF THE ROBBERY: OF MILITARY STYLE, WITH THREE IMITATION LEATHER BUTTONS MISSING. A POLICE PHOTOGRAPH.



FINGER-PRINT EXPERTS EXAMINING THE MAIL-VAN IN THE YARD NEAR ALBANY STREET, WHERE IT WAS FOUND ABANDONED AFTER THE CRIME.



THE BLACK MARKING ON THE RAINCOAT (LEFT), CONCERNING WHICH THE POLICE HAVE ASKED FOR THE ASSISTANCE OF THE PUBLIC. IT READS "2D.662.C.19," AND MAY BE A CLEANER'S MARK.



BOLT-CUTTERS FOUND AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, ABOUT WHICH INFORMATION IS SOUGHT. MADE BY C. AND J. HAMPTON, LTD.

In the early morning of May 21 a Post Office van, with a driver and two attendants, was driving from Paddington to the City. It was carrying, among other things, packets containing about £200,000 in soiled £1 and 10s. notes (being returned by banks for pulping) and owing to road repairs it was diverted from Oxford Street, along Eastcastle Street. When it had entered the section between Berners Street and Newman Street (near the Berners Hotel), a car pulled across from the right-hand side of the road (near a mews entrance) and forced the van to pull up

in front of some small road works. At the same time another car emerged from Berners Street and blocked the van's retreat. Seven men from the two cars, wearing masks, dragged the three Post Office officials from the van and beat them up. The three cars then drove away, the van in the middle, northwards up Newman Street, leaving the three Post Office men lying on the pavement. The three vehicles were later found abandoned, the van near Regent's Park, the two cars not far from Bow Street, one in Floral Street, the other in Rose Street.



CROSSING THE OLD RAILWAY LINE FROM HANOI TO VINH-YEN: ELEMENTS OF A VIETNAMESE BATTALION PURSUING VIET-MINH REBELS IN THE VINH-YEN REGION.



WAIST-DEEP IN A FLOODED PADDY-FIELD: MEN OF A FRENCH MOBILE GROUP EMPLOYED IN MOPPING-UP OPERATIONS IN THE REGION EAST OF THAI BINH.

THE COMMUNIST FRONT IN INDO-CHINA: VIETNAMESE AND FRENCH

M. Letourneau, Minister for the Associated States and French High Commissioner for Indo-China, arrived in Hanoi on April 21. He ordered the release of 1000 prisoners, an act of courtesy to mark his taking over of Indo-China. M. Letourneau is not only the successor of General de Lattre de Tassigny, but also Resident Minister. He will have supreme political, administrative, and military authority over French activities in the Associated States. The new Vietnamese Army, largely created by the late General de Tassigny, is now about 120,000 strong. Only about one-third, however, consists of regular regiments recruited from volunteers who have completed their compulsory military training. The balance is made up of regional militia. At the end of this year the Vietnamese



THE BATTLE OF THE BLACK RIVER: MORTAR FIRE AGAINST ONE OF THE LAST VIET-MINH POCKETS OF RESISTANCE NEAR AP DA CHONG.



AT THE END OF A DIFFICULT MARCH: VIETNAMESE TROOPS OPENING FIRE ON VIET-MINH REBELS CONCEALED ON THE OPPOSITE BANK OF THE RIVER.

TROOPS IN ACTION AGAINST VIET-MINH REGULAR AND GUERRILLA FORCES.

Army will include six infantry divisions. Most of these are reported to be already constituted, with the exception of the technical branches. They will be supplied with American arms and equipment. At present about half the officers and N.C.O.s are French, but they are being replaced by nationals of the country, as soon as these become available, from the training colleges set up over the last two years. The recent "mopping up" operations, some incidents of which are illustrated above, have been carried out by French and Vietnamese battalions in an effort to liquidate Viet-Minh regular and guerrilla forces in the Red River delta. It is thought that a limited Viet-Minh offensive, aimed at collecting rice from the delta, may be attempted in June, as it was last year.

EN ROUTE FOR EVEREST: PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE SWISS EXPEDITION.



HOMEWARD BOUND FOR SOLO KHUMBU: FOUR SHERPA WOMEN WHO JOINED THE EXPEDITION AND CARRIED THE EXPEDITION'S FUNDS IN COIN WHICH WEIGHED OVER 1½ CWT.



THE STAIRWAY TO THE TEMPLE AT BHADGAON: THE SMALL VALLEY OF NEPAL PROPER IS SAID TO CONTAIN MORE THAN 2000 TEMPLES.



ON THE LONG TRAIL TO EVEREST: A CHAIN BRIDGE ACROSS A MOUNTAIN STREAM IN THE PROVINCE OF DHULIKHEL.



MAKING USE OF BOTH MODERN AND ANCIENT FORMS OF TRANSPORT: THE SWISS EXPEDITION'S CARAVAN OF 165 COOLIES LEAVING KATMANDU AIRFIELD, LANDED WITH STORES AND EQUIPMENT. KATMANDU IS THE CAPITAL OF THE STATE OF NEPAL.

It was reported in *The Times* on May 22 that news had reached the Swiss Foundation for Alpine Research in Zurich that members of the Swiss expedition to Mount Everest had established three high camps, two on the ice-fall leading up the West Cwm, and the third on the south side of the mouth into the Cwm itself. After setting their base camp near the snout of Khumbu glacier on April 23, the Swiss pushed forward on the following day along the middle moraine of Khumbu glacier, and high camp No. 1 was established at an altitude of 17,225 ft., close to the foot of the 3000-ft.-high seracs, known as the ice-fall, the formidable barricade

defending the entrance to the Western Cwm. Wood, provisions and climbing gear were stocked there. On April 26 a provisional camp, No. 2, was set up half-way up the ice-fall. The following day the climbers made further progress and passed the critical point at which Mr. Shipton's reconnoitring party was forced to turn back last year. The report ended with a statement that camp No. 3 was established at the entrance to the Western Cwm. The photographs on this page show incidents and scenes on the expedition's route from Katmandu to the approaches to Everest.

Photographs and excerpts by arrangement with "The Times."

IN A CURIOUSLY CENTRAL AMERICAN STYLE: A STRIKING WALL-PAINTING IN THE TEMPLE AT BHADGAON IN NEPAL, WHICH WAS VISITED BY MEMBERS OF THE SWISS EVEREST EXPEDITION.





DRESSED WITH THE UTMOST SIMPLICITY AND WEARING A CLOTH CAP OF CHINESE DESIGN : MAO TSE TUNG (FRONT ROW ; FOURTH FROM LEFT), WITH HIS CLOSEST ASSOCIATES IN PEKIN.

THE "STALIN" OF CHINA: MAO TSE TUNG, LEADER OF OVER 400,000,000 PEOPLE.



THE CHAIRMAN OF THE CENTRAL PEOPLE'S GOVERNMENT COUNCIL IN AFFABLE MOOD : MAO TSE TUNG ENJOYING A JOKE WITH LI WEI-HAN, DIRECTOR OF THE COMMISSION OF NATIONAL AFFAIRS.



AT THE MICROPHONE : MAO TSE TUNG AT A MEETING WITH, BEHIND HIM, THE EMBLEM OF CHINESE COMMUNISM BEARING THE DATE OF HIS FINAL VICTORY AND A PORTRAIT OF SUN YAT-SEN, THE PIONEER OF CHINESE INDEPENDENCE.



AS THE VICTIM OF AN AUTOGRAPH HUNTER : MAO TSE TUNG SIGNING THE NOTEBOOK OF A CHINESE GIRL VOLUNTEER FROM KOREA.



AN AUTOGRAPH FOR A MUCH-BEMEDALLED HERO OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE'S LIBERATION ARMY : MAO TSE TUNG SIGNS FOR SUNG PO-CHI AT A CONFERENCE.

Mao Tse Tung, Chairman of the Central People's Government Council, which is vested with the power of exercising State authority, not only directs the affairs of over 400,000,000 Chinese, but his influence is beginning to be felt in the affairs of the whole world. This "Stalin" of China was born at Shaoshan, Hunan, in 1893, and after attending the Hunan Normal School, Changsha, from 1912 to 1918, worked in the library of the University of Peking. In October, 1921, he joined the Communist Party and became a member of the Central Executive Committee of both the Chinese Communist Party and the Kuomintang, with the



JOKING WITH TWO DELEGATES FROM CANTON : MAO TSE TUNG AT A CONFERENCE AT WHICH HE PRESIDED AS CHAIRMAN OF THE SUPREME STATE AUTHORITY.

task of co-ordinating the activities of the two. After 1926 he worked in the peasant movement of the Communist Party and founded the All-China Peasants' Union. Later he became the political commissar of the 4th Red Army under Chu Teh, founded the Kiangsi Soviet in 1930, and the following year became head of this Government. After participating in the Long March, he organised the Communist Government in Shensi and in 1936 became Chairman of the Central Executive Committee of the Chinese Communist Party. In 1949 Mao Tse Tung was elected Chairman of the Central People's Government Council.

A PILGRIMAGE IN SEARCH OF PLANTS.

"PLANT HUNTER IN MANIPUR"; By F. KINGDON-WARD.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

SINCE the too-early death of that enchanting writer and inspired rock-gardener, Reginald Farrer, Mr. Kingdon-Ward has, I suppose, been the most famous of those English explorers whose tracks across the map have been governed by their desire to find rare or "unknown" plants. And the hinterland of Asia, in which he has made nearly twenty expeditions, has inevitably been his hunting-ground. For the "new" mammals men look in the middle of Africa, whence, in our time, have come the bongo and the okapi; though the Giant Panda did come from Mr. Kingdon-Ward's area. But for the superb flowers and the exquisite shrubs, they go to the Himalayas, Assam and the high territories where China, Burma and Tibet meet. During this beautiful May weather I have been walking in suburban avenues and, on occasion, driving into the Home Counties. Spring came with a rush. Chestnuts, white and red; hawthorn, white, pink and red; laburnums, lilacs, wistaria, rhododendrons all broke out together; and in the gardens below were the irises, the last of the bluebells, and the peonies, ruby in the sunlight. Had I paused to reflect about these blossoms which now seem so perfectly fitted to the English landscape—and I can't conceive my great-aunt Sarah without a wistaria—I should have remembered that most of them are comparatively new in England, and that we owe them, now so completely naturalised, to former Kingdon-Wards. The lilac came from Persia; the laburnum was Central European; the wistaria came from China and looks as though it was designed by a delicate Chinese painter; and the rhododendron, in all its myriad hues, clothes the slopes of that vast Asiatic mountain-core where "full many a flower is born to blush unseen." In a May like this we take what we have and are thankful. But we are inclined to forget our thanks to the Kingdon-Wards.

Mr. Kingdon-Ward resumed his acquaintance with Manipur, which lies between Burma and Assam, in a strange way: during the war, and by means of Americans. "So you know something about this country?" The General looked at me shrewdly, as though trying to gauge from my appearance just how much. "I've spent twenty-five years wandering up and down and across the mountains, General," I replied. "I know the Hump better than you know New York. I've walked across it, from Assam to China, in more months than your boys take hours to fly it; from right here, over Burma to the snows of China, then turning to the left, away up through the river gorges into Tibet and to the right down across the Shan Plateau to Indo-China and Siam."

"He ignored the suggestion that he had any acquaintance at all with New York (he happened to come from Texas).

"I gather you're offering to help us pick up some of the aircraft lost in the jungle between here and China. You could find them, you think?"

"Yes, I think I could."

Mr. Kingdon-Ward found the crashed aircraft; returning, he collected the Manipur Lily and went on with his search for the wild Tea plant. Time and again he thought he might discover a wild Tea plant; always he found that it was a stray from ancient cultivation. "This digression on Tea is not, as some might think, purely academic. It has a very practical

object—the discovery of the original wild Tea plant (if indeed it exists). There is no proof that it does, of course; neither is there any proof that it does not. What is certain is, that the discovery of wild Tea would be of the greatest value to the Tea industry.

possibility of the plant being a lily. I stuck to my opinion that it was a *Nomocharis*."

In his preface Mr. Kingdon-Ward writes: "I have deliberately avoided mention of the less conspicuous plants we saw, or collected.

Many of them would be just names to the non-botanist, even if he happened to be a gardener. (Someone would be quite certain to call them 'unpronounceable,' and to ask why 'the common English name' had not been preferred.) So I have confined myself to describing only those plants of which we collected seed for the New York Botanic Garden, or which were definitely an important part of the landscape."

I confess that I am glad that, in a narrative addressed to the general reader, whether of travel books or of botanical books, Mr. Kingdon-Ward has not been severely technical. Even the botanist who knows his Latin terms, but has never seen the plants of the high Himalayas, may faint before such sentences (I am not quoting Mr. Kingdon-Ward here, but merely indicating what he might have set down had he felt inclined so to do) as: "We climbed up the steep slope, shaded mostly by *Quercus* *quercus*. In the glades were scattered groups of *Erysipelas Jonesii* and *Neuritis brownii*.

"As we climbed, they gave way to the little stars of *Dyspepsia smithii* and the pale clusters of *Pneumonia robinsonii*. As we went higher, fewer flowers were seen, but from underneath the stones there peeped tiny sprays of the purple *Arthitis* and, familiar to every inhabitant of the English countryside, the Yellow Jaundice."

Mr. Kingdon-Ward, suppressing himself, has avoided all that sort of thing. He has merely described a pilgrimage in search of plants, and given us glimpses of the people and places whom and which he encountered during his search.

The people are all attractive: both the lingering white outposts of the abandoned British Empire, and the "natives" who used to rely on us. So are the places: happy hunting-ground for such as Mr. Kingdon-Ward; forests, hill-sides, mountains, ravines, river-banks and jungles which at any moment might produce a new clematis, a new orchid, a new iris, or a new lily.



TANGKHUL GIRLS BESIDE "SPIRIT TREES" AT THE ENTRANCE TO A HOUSE. NOTE THE CARVED TIMBERS, AND ORCHIDS PLANTED ON THE "SPIRIT TREES."

of much less expert travellers. I am glad that Mr. Kingdon-Ward has decided to call this plant a lily: to my amateur eye both the flowers and the leaves suggest "lily." But Mr. Kingdon-Ward still seems to be unsettled on the subject. "As recorded in Chapter I., I found the plant in fruit in January 1946, only at that time I considered it to be a *Nomocharis*, not a lily. This opinion was, of course, founded mainly on the appearance of the dry capsule and shrivelled stem leaves as well as on the small size of the plant—not above 12 or 15 ins. tall, with one or two flowers on the stem (I found only small plants that day). Even when I dug up half-a-dozen bulbs, they were at least as much like *Nomocharis* as lily bulbs, the plants being immature; and though I did not rule out the

A TANGKHUL SMOKING AT THE ENTRANCE TO HIS HOUSE.
Reproductions from "Plant Hunter in Manipur"; by courtesy of the Author and of the Publisher, Jonathan Cape.

it to the judges. The flowers still grow and care little as to what Latin names are attached to them. So, for that matter, does *homo sapiens*. But man must still explore: it would be better that his curiosity, which began in the vegetable kingdom, was confined to plants.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 942 of this issue.



MR. F. KINGDON-WARD, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Kingdon-Ward, plant explorer, botanist and author, was born in 1885 and was educated at St. Paul's School and Christ's College, Cambridge. He has travelled in many parts of the world, including Western China, Tibet, Burma, the Assam Frontier, across French Indo-China, Thailand, East Manipur, the Mishmi and Naga Hills, etc. He is the author of a large number of books, which are mostly concerned with plants and plant-hunting expeditions.



THE OFFICIAL OPENING OF THE NEW CANAL BY QUEEN JULIANA: A VIEW SHOWING THE ROYAL YACHT BREAKING THE RIBBON AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE PRINCE BERNHARD LOCK



PASSING THROUGH THE PRINCESS IRENE LOCK AT WIJK-BIJ-DUURSTEDE: QUEEN JULIANA ABOARD THE ROYAL YACHT DURING THE OFFICIAL OPENING OF THE NEW CANAL.

QUEEN JULIANA OPENS THE NEW AMSTERDAM-RHINE CANAL: HER MAJESTY ABOARD THE ROYAL YACHT.

In our issue of May 17 we reproduced diagrammatic drawings of some of the engineering marvels of the new Amsterdam-Rhine Canal made by our Special Artist, Mr. G. H. Davis, during a recent visit to the Netherlands. On May 21 Queen Juliana, accompanied by Prince Bernhard, officially opened the new canal by steering the Royal yacht *Piet Hein* so that the vessel's bows broke a ribbon stretched across the entrance to the Prince Bernhard lock at Tiel. As the lock

gate was raised to permit the Royal yacht to enter the new stretch of canal, 2000 carrier pigeons were released and ships sounded their sirens. In the afternoon Queen Juliana opened a Rhine exhibition in Amsterdam to mark the opening of the city's three weeks of celebrations. The new canal is 45 miles long, and runs from just south of Utrecht to Tiel. The Prince Bernhard lock at Tiel is the largest inland lock in the world.

FROM FAR AND NEAR: A CEREMONY, AND ROYAL AND OTHER OCCASIONS.



ADMITTING THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR AUSTRALIA TO THE HONORARY FREEDOM OF THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF TALLOW CHANDLERS: THE SCENE IN THE COURT ROOM. On May 20 the Master and Members of the Worshipful Company of Tallow Chandlers admitted as an Honorary Freeman the High Commissioner for Australia, Sir Thomas White. Our photograph shows the scene in the historic Court Room as the Clerk, Mr. R. H. Monier-Williams (right), read the Declaration which Sir Thomas White (left) was required to make. The Master can be seen standing behind his desk.



THE NEW COMMANDANT OF THE KOJE ISLAND P.O.W. CAMP, KOREA: BRIGADIER-GENERAL HAYDON LEMAIRE BOATNER (RIGHT) DISCUSSING THE PRISONERS' RATIONS WITH A CAPTAIN.

Brigadier-General Haydon Lemaire Boatner, Assistant Commander of the U.S. 2nd Infantry Division, who speaks Chinese and is an expert on Chinese affairs, has been appointed commander of the Koje Island P.O.W. camp where disorders and turbulence have been causing grave difficulties. He was a Marine Corps private when eighteen. After World War I, he went to West Point, saw long service in China and was Chief of Staff to General Joseph Stilwell.



ARRIVING IN HELSINKI: THE KING OF SWEDEN, SEEN WITH THE PRESIDENT OF FINLAND.

King Gustav Adolf and Queen Louise of Sweden arrived at Helsinki by sea on May 24 for a State visit to Finland. Our photograph shows them on the way to the Royal Palace; the King is accompanied by President Paasikivi. It was the first visit to Finland of a Swedish King for twenty-seven years.



AT CHATSWORTH, WHERE A SPECIAL EXHIBITION IS BEING HELD: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

The Duke of Devonshire has arranged that a special exhibition of the Devonshire art treasures should be held at Chatsworth this summer. This is in addition to the tour of the house, and the works of art on view (see page 941) include the famous paintings, many of which hung until recently in the Duke's London house; and other treasures. The exhibition will continue until September 28.



IN THE CANAL ZONE: VICE-ADMIRAL LORD MOUNTBATTEN WITH GENERAL SIR BRIAN ROBERTSON (RIGHT).

Vice-Admiral Lord Mountbatten of Burma, the new C-in-C Mediterranean, paid a three-day visit to the Canal Zone in the middle of May. He had conversations with General Sir Brian Robertson, C-in-C Middle East Land Forces, and other Service chiefs, and also met Sir Ralph Stevenson, the British Ambassador.



FLYING OVER THE ALPS AT A SPEED OF ABOUT 500 M.P.H.: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN MOTHER, IN A COMET 1 JET AIRLINER.

Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret made a four-hour flight in a de Havilland Comet 1 jet airliner on May 23, during which they travelled a total distance of 1850 miles and flew over France, Switzerland and Italy. Much of the flight was made at a height of 40,000 ft. in clear weather, at a



ENJOYING HER FIRST FLIGHT IN A JET AIRLINER: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, SEATED NEXT TO LADY SALISBURY, DURING THE FOUR-HOUR TRIP IN THE COMET ON MAY 23.

speed of about 500 m.p.h. It was the aircraft's first flight apart from training and proving trials. The photographs of the Queen Mother and of Princess Margaret were taken by Sir Miles Thomas, Chairman of B.O.A.C., during the flight. The Comet was piloted by Group Captain J. Cunningham.



A ROYAL LADY BELOVED AND HONOURED THROUGHOUT THE REALM, THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS, AND IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES : A PORTRAIT OF QUEEN MARY, WHO WAS EIGHTY-FIVE ON MAY 26.

H.M. Queen Mary, grandmother of H.M. the Queen, was born on May 26, 1867, and thus celebrated her eighty-fifth birthday last Monday. She received hundreds of congratulations from Royal relatives, personal friends and official sources and, in addition, individuals all over the world thought of her affectionately and in their hearts wished her many happy returns of the day and continued good health. Queen Mary, then Princess May of Teck, married the then Duke of York (afterwards George V.) in 1893, and has been a widow since 1936. Her

courage in sorrow, her graciousness and her unfailing interest in every aspect of the country's welfare, in domestic planning, and in the arts as well as in wider spheres, rouses general admiration. Her skill as a needlewoman, and her knowledge of antiques are remarkable, and she is the centre of the personal life of the Royal family, adored by her children and grandchildren alike. She had recently been kept at home at Marlborough House on account of a chill, but has taken several drives round London in the last two weeks.

THE document published by the French newspaper *Le Monde*, and alleged to be a report from Admiral Fechteler to the United States Government, created much unfavourable interest. It was what is called a sensation on an international scale. Such affairs often pass out of the public mind astonishingly fast, in view of the place they take in it to start with. In this case I think the scandal ought not to be forgotten too quickly, because it may turn out to have a serious and deep-seated significance for the future of all of us. I shall not go into detail in dealing with the document. Broadly speaking, the Admiral is said to have stated that the defence of Western Europe was an impossibility, that war before the year 1960 was inevitable, and that when war broke out Britain would be overwhelmed and rendered useless as a base by atomic bombs. It was also announced that the document had been put in the hands of the editor of *Le Monde* from an unknown British source.

Complete denials have been issued on the part of the United States and British Governments, which disclaim knowledge of any such document. A prominent writer on the staff of the newspaper, M. Rémy Roure, has resigned as a protest against the publication. It is to be noted that he does not specifically proclaim the report to be a forgery; he simply proclaims that it was a most dangerous and irresponsible act to publish it. There I agree with him, all the more so because there is nothing "yellow" about *Le Monde*, an extremely serious and even rather heavy paper. The timing suggests that it may be a forgery planted upon *Le Monde* in the hope that it would appear on the eve of the signature of the German Treaty. If this were so, the attribution to a British hand of its conveyance to the paper would be an ingenious complication. The British are ruled out as conveyors, if for no other reason because the story is contrary to their interests. It is, of course, also contrary to the interests of the French Government, but it is not, unfortunately, contrary to all French interests. And forgery of this type is not unknown in France.

The truth is that such a tale could not have fallen upon more fertile ground. I have spoken of the serious nature of *Le Monde*, which has among its readers some of the most intelligent people in France and is a great authority on economic and financial subjects. At the same time, this paper has been steadily and consistently advocating what can only be called a policy of neutrality with regard to Russia for several years. In these columns, at a time when I was pleading for an understanding of the French dilemma, I made mention of a notorious series of articles, signed by a distinguished outside contributor, which strongly recommended French neutrality. It aroused unfavourable comment, and indeed went rather further than editorial writers were prepared to go. Yet *Le Monde*, while from time to time watering down its earlier policy, never abandoned it. In this respect it caused embarrassment to the French Government, because the Quai d'Orsay had adopted the habit of giving it early and special information on foreign affairs. Its attitude was no doubt sincere, but none

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. 'TIS THE VOICE OF THE NEUTRAL.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

that the Government was proposing too much; they have actually tried to disarm France. All the arguments of the so-called Fechteler report support their campaign.

One reason why the incident made so serious an appeal to my imagination was that I had been reading an advanced copy of "The Defence of Western Europe," sent me by the author, Mr. Drew Middleton, an old acquaintance—I should like to add friend, but he might consider that we do not know each other well enough for me to have that right. He has long been a pillar of the *New York Times*, which he has represented here, in France, Belgium, Holland, Portugal, Italy, Berlin and Western Russia, with a spell in Moscow. He was in London, so far as he ever stayed in one place, during the Battle of Britain,



A FAREWELL VISIT TO THE NETHERLANDS: GENERAL EISENHOWER, RETIRING SUPREME COMMANDER, ALLIED FORCES IN EUROPE, WITH QUEEN JULIANA, WHO ENTERTAINED HIM TO LUNCHEON AT THE PALACE OF SOESTDUIJK ON MAY 20.

To-day, May 31, General Eisenhower is due to return to the United States to enter the campaign for the Presidential Election. General

Matthew Ridgway, his successor as Supreme Commander, Allied Forces in Europe, was due to arrive in Paris from the United States on May 27 and to attend various staff conferences before taking over command at a brief ceremony on May 30. In Paris, on May 21, General Eisenhower was decorated by M. Pinay, the Prime Minister, with the Médaille Militaire. Afterwards he laid a wreath of red roses on the tomb of France's Unknown Soldier, and lunched with the President of the Republic at the Elysée Palace.

and his remarkable despatches had their effect upon the opinion of his own countrymen. One aspect of his book which had attracted my attention was the evident anxiety he showed about the spirit of the nations which were members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. In many respects his conclusions are anything but sanguine, yet his doubts on this particular point seemed to me the most ominous. In most cases he is more worried about the state of mind of the general public than that of the fighting

forces, though some of these he puts in a low category.

He considers that the spirit of the French fighting forces, for example, is superior to that of the country. Unfortunately, as he points out, a war to-day would not be waged by the fighting forces alone. Any sort of attack which is conceivable would subject the civil population to strain and suffering at least equally serious, perhaps worse. On this point he writes: "Undoubtedly, the French Army as we know it to-day would fight if the Soviet Union attacked. But until those conditions in France which encourage approaches to Communism, the extreme right, or neutralism are eliminated, the ability of France to play its rightful share in the defence of that civilisation to which it has contributed so much will remain in doubt." When he comes to discuss Italy, where he takes a less favourable view of the Army, he concludes with the words: "Like France, her ability to withstand a long conflict involving not only the obvious horrors of bombing, but prolonged rationing, mass conscription and labour direction is doubtful." I will go so far as to say that, after reading his appreciations with care, I take his view to be that doubts arise either about the will of the country, or, in one or two

instances, of both the country and its armed forces, of all the nations involved, with the exception of the United Kingdom, Greece and Turkey. He also has respect for Yugoslavia, not a member of N.A.T.O.

My experience has been less than that of Mr. Middleton, but such anxieties have not been strangers to me. I have striven to understand rather than condemn, which is his aim also. Weaknesses in France

I trace not so much to the terrible effects of defeat and occupation by a hostile garrison, grave though these have been, as to the fact that the country still remains as fundamentally divided as it was before the war. If capitalism is now on the defensive and is being challenged by the attacks of other schools of economic thought to prove its right to survive, it cannot be said that its representatives in France look likely victors in the conflict. And in a country where good speaking among politicians and good writing among authors and journalists are so general, nobody seems to believe in either the spoken or the written word. Cynicism and incredulity are carried to a point where they lead to a nihilist outlook. If all men are liars and no man can be trusted, the whole conception of a national state and community becomes nonsense.

These are ills which time might at least partly cure. Great enthusiasm was undoubtedly created when General Eisenhower crossed the Atlantic and set up his headquarters in France. That probably caused an improvement in spirit which has survived. If this were a placid age and one not surrounded by dangers, we might view with equanimity the prospect of a long convalescence, from which it might be hoped that a complete cure would emerge. The age and the dangers being what they are, the spiritual and mental health of France is of supreme importance to all her partners. They may well feel that if convalescence is too leisurely, its course may be cut short before its progress has been appreciable. As to the belief of the advocates of neutrality that, after a Russian victory, it would secure for France better treatment than if she had resisted, this seems to me an odd misreading of recent history and of the nature of Russian Communism. The people of the Baltic States might afford a correction, if they could speak.

We cannot stand as models. Our own party and class warfare is sharper than it should be and shows no sign of becoming more moderate. We have no strain to endure such as that which presses upon France in Indo-China; for Malaya is not comparable to this. Yet, while the people of this country lie open to criticism in many respects, the gulf between opposing conceptions is not so deep as in France, and the waters which run through it are not so salt and bitter. A certain national solidarity survives, though precariously. In France it lives, too, in some respects, but in the most vital of all, the issue which may be expected to determine the fate of France, hardly a remnant of it seems to remain. When we have counted divisions, tanks, aircraft, submarines, and so forth, we have to remember that the relative strength on either side is not determined solely by the



A HAPPY PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE ELYSÉE PALACE: GENERAL EISENHOWER SHOWING HIS WIFE (CENTRE) AND MME. VINCENT AURIOL, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE, THE MÉDAILLE MILITAIRE WITH WHICH HE HAD JUST BEEN DECORATED AT THE INVALIDES.

the less unfortunate for that. In this instance it seems to me that conscientious editorial policy would have been careful not to have launched a scare on evidence of doubtful authenticity, and that the very nature of its point of view called for extra care.

Practically all the non-Communist Press in France seems to have condemned the action taken and generally from the point of view of M. Roure, that the issue was too serious to risk any chances with the evidence. The French Communists showed themselves surprised and perhaps embarrassed. They did not appear to have any strong conviction that the document was in truth what was claimed for it. It is, nevertheless, for them as well-timed and as effective a piece of propaganda as could be imagined. It tells the country that arms are useless. They have always declared as much. Their newspapers have contained diagrams showing what could be done in housing, education, encouragement of agriculture, public health, and the raising of wages by abandoning defence altogether and turning the money over in its entirety to these services. They have not said, like the "Bevanites" in this country, that a certain undefined amount of rearmament was necessary, but



SHORTLY AFTER BEING DECORATED WITH THE MÉDAILLE MILITAIRE—THE HIGHEST DISTINCTION THE FRENCH STATE CAN CONFER ON A GENERAL OFFICER: GENERAL EISENHOWER SIGNING THE GOLDEN BOOK AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE, WHERE HE HAD LAID A WREATH ON THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

proportion of these. It is determined also by the moral factors. And in total wars, wars of nations, the moral side of defence will never reach full strength unless the spirit of the nation supports that of the troops.

These factors were, I think, realised by General Eisenhower. His successor, who takes over without his knowledge of Europe and European politics, has indeed a difficult task before him. The military problem may wear a most unpleasant air, but for a soldier as accomplished as General Ridgway it will at least appear simple, for good or ill. The psychological problem involves the study of the mental frailties of distracted and weary nations, dogged by irresolution, indecision and infirmity of purpose. This is by no means simple. Sometimes it seems that in the modern world, the intellect and imagination rise to their greatest heights where the will shows the strongest signs of atrophy, just as consumptives display a brilliance in their fever of which they had given no hint while they still remained whole and sound. If ever there were a time when hard and crude common sense, allied with courage, was needed it is the present.



WESTERN GERMANY RETURNS TO THE COMMUNITY OF NATIONS : THE SIGNING OF THE GERMAN CONTRACT AT BONN. SIGNING AT THE SMALL TABLE IS MR. ACHESON; AT THE LONG TABLE (LEFT TO RIGHT) ARE THE DELEGATIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, THE UNITED STATES AND WESTERN GERMANY.

On Monday, May 26, the German Contract, whereby the Occupation is ended and sovereignty granted to the Federal Republic of Western Germany, was signed in the Bundesrat at Bonn. The sovereignty granted by the Contract is limited only by the reservation by the Western Powers of certain powers (relating

to the stationing of armed forces) made necessary by the failure to achieve an all-German settlement. Germany was represented by Dr. Adenauer; Great Britain by Mr. Eden, the Foreign Secretary; the United States by the Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson; and France by her Foreign Secretary, M. Schuman.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.



REOPENED AFTER BEING CLOSED FOR A YEAR FOR RENOVATION AND REPAIRS: THE GEFFRYE MUSEUM, KINGSLAND ROAD, SHOREDITCH, HOUSED IN A GROUP OF OLD ALMSHOUSES.

The Geffrye Museum was reopened on May 21, having been closed during the past year for renovation and repairs. The Museum building was originally a group of almshouses and the central block now houses a series of period rooms ranging from 1600 to the present day and a reading- and reference-room. In the north wing are reading- and work-rooms for children and in the southern wing a large room for lectures which can also be used for temporary loan exhibitions.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE AMERICAN MEMORIAL RECENTLY UNVEILED IN BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND.

On May 1 Lieut-General Robert L. Eichelberger unveiled the American memorial during "Coral Sea" Week celebrations at Brisbane, Queensland, Australia. The memorial has been erected on the spot where the first U.S. soldier landed on December 23, 1941, and from where the last left officially on December 23, 1947, by the Australian-American Association (Queensland branch).

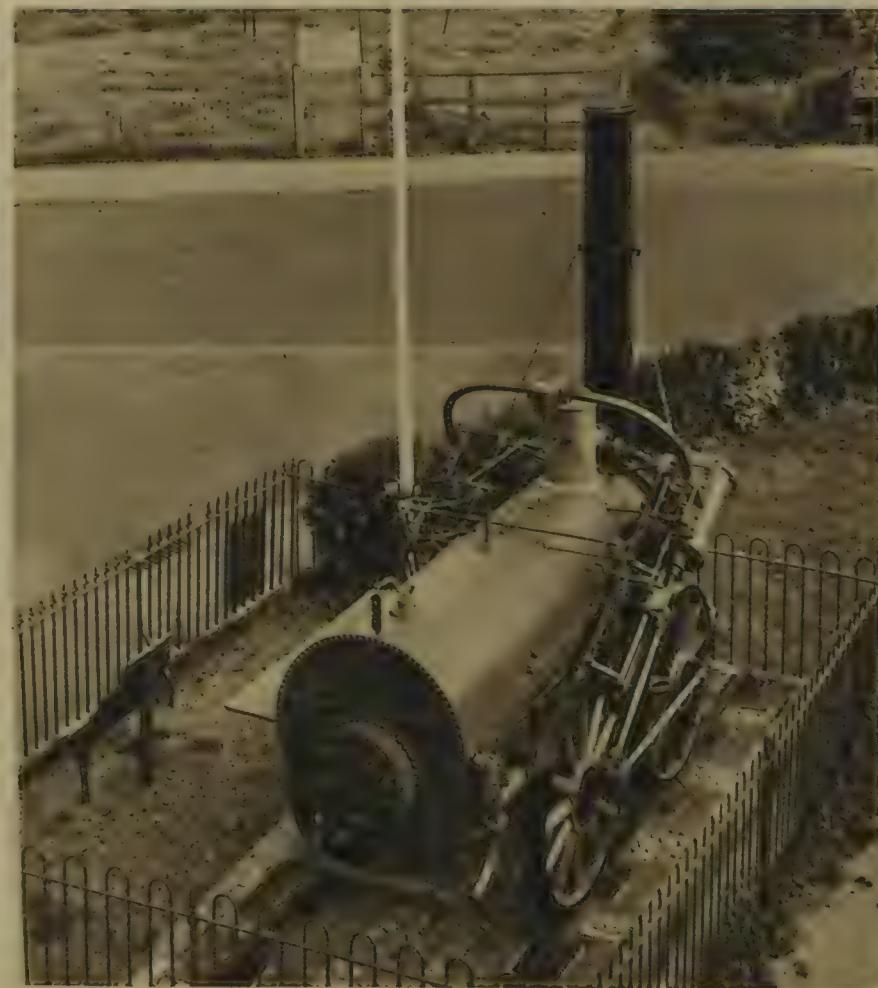


SHOWING IN GREATER DETAIL THE EAGLE SURMOUNTING THE AMERICAN MEMORIAL AT BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA.



THE LATEST MOBILE EQUIPMENT FOR SUPPRESSING CIVIL COMMOTION IN THE FAR EAST: ONE OF A NUMBER OF RIOT VANS BEING SUPPLIED TO THE SINGAPORE POLICE FORCE.

A number of riot vans have been ordered by the Singapore Police Force from the Singapore branch of John I. Thornycroft and Co. These vehicles have steel bodies and Diesel engines to minimise fire risk and a high-tension generator is wired to the body to prevent rioters from boarding or overturning the van.



(ABOVE.) THE CLOSING OF THE CANTERBURY TO WHITSTABLE BRANCH LINE ON JUNE 1: A VIEW OF THE INVICTA WHICH WAS BUILT BY STEPHENSON FOR USE ON THE LINE IN 1830 AND IS NOW PRESERVED NEAR THE CITY WALL AT CANTERBURY. IT WAS WITHDRAWN FROM SERVICE IN 1838.



GARGANTUA AT VICTORIA: HERR ZEHE, THE GERMAN CHAMPION WRESTLER, 8 FT. TALL AND WEIGHING 50 STONES, SEEN IN LONDON EN ROUTE FOR DUBLIN.

On May 23 the German wrestler, Herr Zehe, known (justly) as Gargantua, arrived in London on his way to Dublin, where he was due to take part in a wrestling match with Jack Doyle on May 30. He usually sleeps across three double beds and had some difficulty in travelling by train and taxi.



ARMED U.S. GUARDS OUTSIDE THE BARBED WIRE AND A "SENTRY" ON THE ROOF WITHIN: COMPOUND 76, KOJE ISLAND CAMP.



COMMUNIST P.O.W.S POSTED AS LOOK-OUTS ON THE ROOFS OF HUTS IN THE PRISON COMPOUND 76: A VIEW OF THE CAMP SHOWING NORTH KOREAN FLAGS RIGGED UP ON POLES OUTSIDE THE HUTS.



WITH PROTEST SIGNS IN ENGLISH AND IN KOREAN STUCK UP AT INTERVALS ALONG THE INNER SIDE OF THE BARBED WIRE: A VIEW OF PART OF THE CAMP, WITH U.S. GUARDS WATCHING A CONFERENCE OF COMMUNIST P.O.W.S.



LED BY A PRISONER WITH A NORTH KOREAN FLAG: A WORK PARTY, GUARDED BY A U.S. INFANTRYMAN. (Illustrations by radiophoto, except the central photograph.)

WHERE BRITISH TROOPS HAVE NOW ARRIVED TO REINFORCE

On May 25 it was announced that a battalion of The Shropshire Light Infantry and a Canadian battalion had arrived on Koje Island to reinforce the United States troops guarding the rebellious and turbulent Korean prisoners of war, who recently kidnapped the Camp Commandant and held him for several days. The new U.S. Commandant, Brigadier-General Haydon Lemaire Boatner—fourteenth officer to command the camp in sixteen months—has now taken over, and is reputed to be a fair-minded man but an iron disciplinarian. The *Observer* special correspondent recently described how each unit in the huge



ILLUSTRATING THE DEFIANT ATTITUDE AND TURBULENCE OF THE PRISONERS, WHO NUMBER MANY THOUSANDS: DRILLING WITH TENT-POLES AS WEAPONS AND SINGING COMMUNIST SONGS.

U.S. GUARDS: TURBULENT KOJE ISLAND PRISONERS-OF-WAR CAMP.

camp had fallen under the control of a small ruling band of unofficial leaders, almost invariably with a strong Communist or anti-Communist bias, and that the internal riots and bloodshed were bound up with the U.N. proposals at Panmunjom on voluntary repatriation. Language difficulties and the impossibility of identifying prisoners were added complications. On arrival the British reinforcements were greeted by songs, shouts and North Korean flag-waving. American troops have discovered and destroyed tunnels constructed by P.O.W.s. Greek and Netherlands troops are also helping to police Koje.



THROUGH THE IRON CURTAIN OF RUSSIAN SECURITY: SOLVING THE MYSTERY OF SOVIET AIR STRENGTH. Accurate information about Russian military aircraft is hard to come by and its collection calls for ceaseless patient detective work. The types which appear above are some of the most remarkable, and for the information about them our Artist is mainly indebted to the book, "Military Aircraft of the U.S.S.R." by Charles W. Cain and Denys J. Voaden (with drawings by Björn Karlström). Of the Russian aircraft, the single-seat fighter, the *MIG-15*, is best known owing to its use and development in the Korean war; and during a recent interview with a correspondent of "Flight" Major James A. Jabara, the U.S. fighter "ace" of World War II and the Korean war (who has himself shot down six *MIG-15s*), gave some additional interesting information about this fighter, which is incorporated in the drawing. The chief points he made were: above 35,000 ft. the *MIG-15* is faster than the U.S. *Sabre*; below that it is slower and less maneuverable; it is longer and divides its fuel between its wings; the unarmored *MIG-15* is inferior in sights but may soon have radar sights; the *MIG-15's* 37-mm. shells appear to be inferior at a

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, ON INFORMATION DRAWN FROM "MILITARY AIRCRAFT OF THE U.S.S.R." BY CHARLES W. CAIN AND DENYS J. VOADEN (HERBERT JENKINS).

correspondent of "Flight" Major James A. Jabara, the U.S. fighter "ace" of World War II and the Korean war (who has himself shot down six *MIG-15s*), gave some additional interesting information about this fighter, which is incorporated in the drawing. The chief points he made were: above 35,000 ft. the *MIG-15* is faster than the U.S. *Sabre*; below that it is slower and less maneuverable; it is longer and divides its fuel between its wings; the unarmored *MIG-15* is inferior in sights but may soon have radar sights; the *MIG-15's* 37-mm. shells appear to be inferior at a

a set range (about 1200 ft.); despite "informed opinion," the *MIG-15* does have an ejector seat, and does not carry wing-tip fuel tanks; Communist fighter tactics are much improved; and the *MIG-15s* are apparently highly polished with wax. Russian designers are believed to be concentrating on medium-sized aircraft of the general type of the U.S. *Tornado* and the British *Corsair*. The unidentifiable high-wing aircraft is not definitely known. A feature of the drop of the wings when grounded and the provision of out-wing under-carts to support the enormous weight of the wing tankage. It is supposed to have great operational height and sufficient range to attack U.S. cities from Russia and get home again on the fuel carried.

PROBABLY THE MOST REMARKABLE BIRD IN THE WORLD: THE HOATZIN, WHOSE NESTLINGS HAVE SOME OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF ARCHÆOPTERYX—ONE OF THE FIRST BIRDS.

By IRIS DARNTON.

WHEN I visited British Guiana in February, 1951, I was fortunate enough to see in its natural environment a bird which is probably the most remarkable in the world. This bird is the Hoatzin (*Opisphocomus hoatzin*), its fame being based chiefly on the fact that its nestlings have retained through the ages some of the characteristics of the *Archæopteryx*, the first prehistoric bird—the most startling of these characteristics being that the baby Hoatzin has on each wing a pair of claws! The adult Hoatzin is somewhat pheasant-like in appearance, its plumage on the neck and back being almost black, with an olive sheen, many of the feathers having whitish edges and shaft stripes, the longish black tail being broadly tipped with buff. The breast is washed with light russet, deepening to rich chestnut on the belly, while the wings, which are of the same lovely shade, are large and rounded, although, unlike the pheasant, the Hoatzin's flight is heavy and cumbersome, rather reminiscent of a barndoorn fowl. The head is adorned with a long, loose russet-brown crest; the eyes, set in an area of naked bluish skin, are red, the lids having black lashes, a most unusual embellishment among birds. But it is the skeleton of the adult Hoatzin which shows so many striking peculiarities, among them being the strangely shaped breast-bone. This bone, which has the posterior portion much flattened and broadened out, is covered by a thick skin, devoid of feathers, and on this flat piece of bone the bird supports its weight, resting it on the branches when roosting, or when sheltering during the heat of the day. The Hoatzins, like their distant ancestors, are entirely arboreal, and their diet is strictly vegetarian. In British Guiana this diet consists of the leaves and fruit of the *Montrichardia arborea*—a tall plant with large, heart-shaped leaves, related to the arums—known locally by the name of Mucka-mucka, and of the Corida and Bunderie pimpler (*Drepanocarpus lunatus*), the latter being a small tree with spreading branches on which the birds usually build their untidy, crow-like nests. These are all three moisture-loving plants.

[Continued below, left.]

SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE FOUR WING-CLAWS, WHICH RESEMBLE THOSE OF ARCHÆOPTERYX: A NESTLING HOATZIN CLIMBING AND USING ITS BEAK TO ASSIST ITS MOVEMENTS.

Continued.

growing in profusion on the muddy margins of rivers and creeks, and the Hoatzins, relying on their foliage and fruit for their subsistence, are confined to a few localities in the areas in which these plants flourish, the birds' weak and laborious wing-beats enabling them to fly no farther than from one clump to another or, at most, to cross heavily from bank to bank. The Abary River is one of the places in British Guiana where these strange birds are to be found, and through the courtesy of the British Guiana Museum, who arranged for the chartering of a launch, and who sent their excellent collector, Mr. Ram Singh, to accompany us, we were able to actually see these "living fossils" in their haunts. The Abary River discharges its brown waters into the sea between forty and fifty miles from Georgetown, and the only way to reach the river was by train, as although there is a road which skirts the coast, this was in such bad condition after the rains as to be almost unusable. The train, drawn by a small, high-chimneyed engine with early Victorian outlines, leaves Georgetown in the early morning to traverse the colony to New Amsterdam, returning late in the evening of the same day. Fortunately, after a week of deluging rain, the day chosen for our expedition was fine and sunny, and as we walked from our hotel, burdened with mackintoshes, camp stools and our lunch, the heat was already quite oppressive. The train, when we reached the station, was already crowded with a cross-section of the community, chiefly negroes and Indians (descendants of the indentured labour from India), with ourselves as the only Europeans. As we lumbered slowly and rather shakily along the completely flat coastal belt, stopping at every wayside village, we saw quite a number of birds from the train windows, especially crowds of buff-backed herons and white egrets stalking frogs and insects in the low-lying fields, while the dark forms of kites and vultures wheeled and circled, on stiff, outstretched pinions, against the blue sky. Presently the bespectacled Negro guard came to tell us that we were approaching the Abary Bridge, where the train was being stopped to allow us to descend. Here we found our launch moored against the bank, a primitive, broad-beamed affair, normally used for transporting milk. The river at this point was bordered on both sides by trees and bushes, but as we made our way upstream, clumps of Mucka-mucka and Bunderie pimpler, the chief food of the Hoatzins, took their place. Beyond, on both sides of the river, stretched miles of flat savannah or grasslands, lying water-logged from the brimming river, while herds of cattle, many of them up to their bellies in water, grazed on the tall grasses which had thrust their green, succulent spears above the brown flood-water. Although completely featureless, the scene had a certain charm, due to the exquisite colouring of the bright-green grass filming the water, and the brilliance of the blue sky, banked on the far horizon with tumbled masses of white clouds. Every now and then egrets crowded the bordering clumps of vegetation, looking at a distance like huge, snow-white blossoms against the green background. We had been chugging upstream for about an hour, when we knew that somewhere, hidden in the dense foliage of these bordering clumps, were the Hoatzins, for although nothing could be seen, we could hear their weird hissing—for all the world like a nest of snakes! One clump of low-branched Bunderie pimpler matted with creepers, from which issued these strange, unbird-like sounds, was fortunately rather isolated, and as we drove the launch towards it and shouted, we had an excellent view of our quarry, as first one and then another of the Hoatzins flapped heavily into the open and flew on broad, russet wings across the river. Nine birds in all reluctantly emerged from their leafy cover, all settling rather precariously on the vegetation bordering the opposite bank, their long crests and the rich rufous colouring of their breasts and flapping wings making a striking picture in the bright sunlight. As we continued our course up the river we saw several other parties of Hoatzins, but, unfortunately, we were too early to find their nestlings. This was a great disappointment, as the extraordinary behaviour and strange appearance of these nestlings for the first few weeks after they are hatched are quite unique in the bird world. As already mentioned, the nest is an untidy structure of sticks, usually placed on a bough of the Bunderie pimpler over water. The eggs, two or three in number, are, in size and appearance, rather like those of a water-hen—whitish and unevenly spotted and blotched with brown and a few odd splashes of purplish grey. When newly-hatched the four claws on the baby Hoatzin's wings are quite obvious, and even when only a few days old, with the help of these claws, they are able to climb from the nest and clamber about the adjacent branches, using their beaks, like parrots, to assist their movements. As if this fantastic behaviour was not enough, these precocious infants have yet another accomplishment,

[Continued above, right.]



SHOWING THE FOUR CLAWS ON THE WINGS: DETAIL OF A PAINTING OF ARCHÆOPTERYX, WHICH WAS ABOUT THE SIZE OF A ROOK.

Reproduced from the painting by John Doncaster forming the frontispiece to "The Succession of Life Through Geological Time," by permission of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).

THE HABITAT OF THE HOATZIN: A VIEW OF THE BANK OF THE ABARY RIVER, SHOWING CLUMPS OF MUCKA-MUCKA (*MONTRICHARDIA ARBORESCENS*), ON WHICH THE BIRD FEEDS.

Continued.]

for if they are disturbed or frightened, they immediately drop into the water which surrounds their nesting site, and dive below the surface, swimming underwater for a yard or so before coming up to breathe. As the rivers and creeks in British Guiana are deeply coloured, they are impossible to see, and so they elude pursuit. With all but their nostrils under water, they quietly wait until the danger is past, and when the coast is clear, climb out of the water, and, with the aid of those useful claws and their beaks, and supporting themselves on their stout legs and enormous feet, they slowly but surely make their way up the branches and creepers until they reach their nest—none the worse for their ducking. But although the young Hoatzins employ this art of diving and swimming under water, unique among birds of their order, to preserve themselves from death, it is not actually to thisfeat that the bird owes its continued existence, but to the fact that the flesh of the adult is most unpalatable, having a musty odour and a rank, unpleasant taste. The natives' name for the Hoatzin is "Stinking Pheasant," and although the birds are

[Continued below.]



PHEASANT-LIKE IN APPEARANCE AND EXHIBITING MANY STRIKING PECULIARITIES, INCLUDING BLACK EYELASHES: AN ADULT HOATZIN OF BRITISH GUIANA, WHOSE FLIGHT IS HEAVY AND CUMBERSOME.

Continued.]

so easy to kill with their slow, ponderous flight, it is because of this unpleasant, but fortunate peculiarity that they have so far escaped destruction.



THE MOST STRIKING SINGLE FEATURE OF THE FESTIVAL GARDENS: THE GRAND VISTA, REDECORATED IN READINESS FOR THE REOPENING CEREMONY, WHICH TOOK PLACE ON EMPIRE DAY, MAY 24.

AT noon on Empire Day, May 24, a gun was fired at Woolwich and maroons sounded in all London boroughs to mark the opening for their second season of the Festival Pleasure Gardens at Battersea. The official opening was performed at 3 p.m. by the Minister of Works. Mr. David Eccles, who said: "What Britain needs today is more work and more play. To come here and have a good time will help us all to put things right." After this, Mr. Edwin Bayliss, the Chairman of the

[Continued centre.]



THE OPENING CEREMONY: THE CHAIRMAN OF THE L.C.C. RELEASING BALLOONS CARRYING GREETINGS TO THE CIVIC HEADS OF THE METROPOLIS, BEFORE A CROWDED AUDIENCE.

Continued.] L.C.C., released twenty-eight balloons carrying greetings to the civic heads of the Metropolis. On the opening day 40,447 people passed through the turnstiles, and the total of visitors during the week-end was 68,192.

(LEFT.) USHERING IN A NEW AGE OF WORLD TRAVEL: THE EMMETT "ASTRO TERRA MARE" — EQUALLY AT HOME (OR AT SEA), ON LAND, IN THE AIR AND PADDLING THROUGH THE WAVES.

(RIGHT.) PONIES HOLD THE TAPE AND DAME LAURA KNIGHT, R.A., CUTS THE TAPE, FOR THE OPENING CEREMONY OF THE CHILDREN'S ZOO AT THE FESTIVAL GARDENS.



BALLOONS FOR RELEASE: EACH ENTITLED THE CIVIC HEAD OF ANY DISTRICT IT FELL IN TO 200 FREE TICKETS TO THE GARDENS—TO DISPOSE OF AS HE WISHES.





IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

"GARDEN RANUNCULUS." That is what the new R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening" calls, collectively, the various cultivated forms of *Ranunculus asiaticus*.

It seems to me a silly name—a misnomer—for they are by no means the only ranunculus to be grown in gardens. In fact, one sees them in gardens less often than almost any other sort. They had their day as "florists'" flowers a hundred and more years ago, together with show auriculas, laced pinks, tulips and carnations.

One of my most treasured books is Robert Sweet's "Florists' Guide, 1823-1829," in which there are exquisite coloured plates of these old florists' flowers. Some of the florists' ranunculus illustrated are such astonishing examples of meticulous horticultural perfection of form, marking and colouring that I confess I admired but never quite believed them. Too perfect. Too good to be true. Now I find that I owe an apology to the late Robert Sweet. A bed of Asiatic ranunculus flowering in my garden convinces me that with these flowers anything would be possible—any degree of geometrical and mathematical precision of form, and any variation of marking and colouring. No longer do I doubt the truthfulness of the Sweet illustrations.

Until this year my acquaintance with the "Garden Ranunculus" had been confined to pictures of the old show varieties, and to the bunches of the flowers that one sees occasionally in florists' shops. I have seen the roots offered, year after year, in bulb catalogues, three classes of them—Persian, Turban and French. They seemed cheap to buy and sounded enchanting things, yet somehow I never bought. Nor had I ever seen them growing in any garden. Yet I suppose someone must buy and grow them, otherwise bulb merchants would not go on offering them year after year. But as far as I was concerned they remained one of those things which—like a dead donkey—no one ever sees.

Once or twice I had seen ranunculus roots for sale on the horticultural stalls at those stores where some things are still sold at sixpence a time, and, tempted by their cheapness, and even more by their odd appearance, had bought a dozen or two of the queer dry roots that looked so like the mummified feet of some small bird. But always the results were either nil or as disappointing as my casual treatment of them deserved.

Reading the directions for cultivating these ranunculus fills the ordinary everyday, common-or-garden gardener with holy dread. The old florists seemed to vie with one another in thinking up elaborate methods of soil preparation, deep digging and rich manuring. The roots must be planted, embedded in silver sand, and watering must be nicely regulated. During powerful sunshine the flowers must be provided with sunshades of some sort, and so on, and so forth. The roots must be lifted and stored for the winter in paper bags. The directions given in the R.H.S. "Dictionary" are no more encouraging. In fact, they read as though they had been paraphrased from the old masters.

Last year I was given a packet of "Garden Ranunculus" seed. There was nothing to indicate which class they belonged to, Persian, French or Turban. They were just labelled "Superb Hybrids," or some such encouraging but non-committal title. Despite all I had read about the cultivation of these apparently exacting fusspots, I decided to have a bash at them, with no nonsense,

"GARDEN RANUNCULUS."

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

no fussments, no luxuries. Sown last spring in a pan in a cold-frame, the seed germinated rapidly and thickly. Directly they seemed large enough to go out into the world I planted the seedlings as a 2-ft. wide border at the front of a bed about 6 yards long, and in full sunshine. I put them 6 to 9 ins. apart. The soil, which had been dug some weeks before, but not manured, was stiff loam full of broken stone, oolitic limestone. My seedling

ranunculus took to this at once, and before the summer was over they had made strong plants, a few of which flowered—not very impressively. Instead of lifting, drying and winter-storing the roots, according to the rules of the game, I left them where they were all winter, without protection of any kind. During last autumn the leaves had almost entirely disappeared. But during late winter and spring the plants produced a great crop of leaves. They looked like a bed of creeping buttercup enjoying a spell of garden neglect. Early in April they began to push up flower stems and buds, and by mid-April the first flowers opened. In the first week of May the bed was in full flower, not only making a gay picture in the garden, but providing quantities of cut bloom for the house and for giving to friends. It is probable that the old florists of a hundred years ago would have scorned my bed of ranunculus, for doubtless my blossoms flout all the rules that governed the show bench of those days, rules for judging as strict and arbitrary as those that decide what is a good terrier at Cruft's to-day, or what is a good narcissus at the R.H.S. Daffodil Show.

As decorative flowers, however, especially for picking, they are delightful, with their useful 18-in. to 2-ft. stems, and what I find particularly attractive is their endless variety of colour, marking and form. There are singles, semi-doubles, with perhaps two or three circles of petals, and full doubles, packed with petals to their very centres. The doubles have the stiff fullness of double zinnias—a rigid formality which to many is as pleasing as the loose simplicity of the singles and the semi-doubles. These last have the added attraction of a conspicuous central boss of jet-black anthers. The colours range from pure white to pale cream, sulphur, gold and tawny old gold; and from pale to deep rose, crimson, scarlet, vermillion and orange. In addition, there are endless interesting bi-colours, gold-flecked or ring-straked with orange, cream petals shading to rose-pink at the edges; white petals with narrow filigree edgings of mulberry purple, and so on in infinite variety. It is as though the ranunculus family delighted in endless experiment in the matter of dress and colouring, and was incapable of making a mistake. That to my mind is the great charm of these mixed ranunculus—the charm of infinite variety, and of strong, clean colours.

Fresh variants open every day, and no two are exactly alike. And, comparing my mixed seedlings with the pictures of the highly-bred named show varieties of over 100 years ago, one can see pretty clearly what has happened. These promiscuous descendants of the aristocrats of earlier generations have, so to speak, let their hair down—gone native—but at the same time have retained much of their manners and good breeding. The highly civilised filigree edgings of colour on the petals of some of my varieties have obviously come down from the show varieties of Robert Sweet's time. Having grown this vigorous, gone-half-native strain of *Ranunculus asiaticus*, I would like to try some of the forms of the original wild species with their great cupped, poppy-like blossoms, scarlet, white, gold or pale rose-pink.

Better still would be to go and see them flowering as my son saw them during the war, millions of them, thousands of acres of them, mile after mile, in the Libyan Desert. There they were, golden yellow, and it was not just a case of mile after mile, but of day after day, motoring, and as far as the eye could see. All gold, except for one day, when they were white.



RANUNCULUS FROM SEED: SOWN IN 1951 AND FLOWERING IN 1952. MR. ELLIOTT'S BED OF SEEDLINGS PHOTOGRAPHED IN MAY, AFTER A GENEROUS QUANTITY HAD ALREADY BEEN CUT FOR THE HOUSE.



"WHAT I FIND PARTICULARLY ATTRACTIVE IS THEIR ENDLESS VARIETY OF COLOUR AND MARKING AND FORM. . . . THE COLOURS RANGE FROM PURE WHITE TO PALE CREAM, SULPHUR, GOLD AND TAWNY OLD GOLD, AND FROM PALE TO DEEP ROSE, CRIMSON, SCARLET, VERMILION AND ORANGE. IN ADDITION, THERE ARE ENDLESS INTERESTING BI-COLOURS." (Photographs by Peter Pritchard.)



A NAVAL ACHIEVEMENT, AND ITEMS AGRICULTURAL, MARITIME AND SPORTING.



WASP SAILS AGAIN, WITH A HORNET BOW: THE U.S. CARRIER, DAMAGED IN COLLISION, SAILING FROM BAYONNE DOCKYARD, HER REPAIR COMPLETED IN TEN DAYS. As reported in our last issue, the U.S. carrier *Wasp*, whose bows were severely damaged in a collision in the Atlantic, was repaired with a section of the bows of her sister-ship *Hornet* (which was undergoing reconversion). This ingenious repair was accomplished in ten days, whereas with normal techniques and circumstances the time for repair would have been about three months.



RESCUE COMES AFTER THREE DAYS' DRIFTING: THREE U.S. FISHERMEN SPOTTED FROM THE AIR ON THEIR OIL-DRUM RAFT IN THE GULF OF MEXICO.

When a U.S. fishing-boat from Punta Gorda, Florida, foundered in the Gulf of Mexico, three fishermen were able to improvise a raft with several oil-drums. On this they drifted for three days until they were spotted by the crew of a U.S. coastguard flying-boat, a Martin *PBM-5*. The aircraft radioed their position to a U.S. Coastguard patrol-boat, which was soon able to pick up the shipwrecked men.



HITLER'S MOUNTAIN RETREAT AS A YOUTH HOSTEL: A VIEW OF THE CONVERTED BUILDINGS, WITH A VISTA OF THE BAVARIAN ALPS ABOVE BERCHTESGADEN. The problem of what to do with what could become "Hitler shrines" is being met in Bavaria by the leasing of Hitler's former mountain retreat above Berchtesgaden to the Bavarian Mountain Association. This Association proposes to use the building this summer as a youth hostel; and our photograph shows young people on the terrace overlooking a fine stretch of mountain scenery.



ANTI-FOOT-AND-MOUTH-DISEASE PRECAUTIONS: VISITORS TO THE SHROPSHIRE SHOW WALKING THROUGH A SAFETY LANE OF DISINFECTED STRAW AS THEY ENTERED THE SHOW. Despite the cancellation of the cloven-hoofed classes owing to the threat of foot-and-mouth disease, there was a good attendance at Shropshire and West Midland Agricultural Society's Show at Shrewsbury on May 21 and 22. A special feature was the "safety lanes"—stretches of disinfected straw, through which all visitors and animals passed on both entering and leaving the show-ground. The horse classes were very well attended and there was a large rabbit show.



THE LATEST WAY OF "DIPPING" SHEEP: A DEMONSTRATION IN KENSINGTON GARDENS OF A PORTABLE SPRAYER WHICH CAN DEAL WITH FIFTY SHEEP A MINUTE.

A new method of protecting sheep from parasites by spraying disinfectant over them, thus avoiding the total immersion required in the "dipping" process, was recently demonstrated in Kensington Gardens. The new sprayer is claimed to be more effective and economical than dipping and is portable. It is estimated that one man, with the aid of a trained sheepdog, can put fifty sheep through the sprayer in a minute, and this gives the animals complete protection.



THE LONDON CALEDONIAN GAMES AT THE WHITE CITY: HIGHLAND DANCING IN THE STADIUM CENTRE, WHILE THE 400 METRES FLAT RACE IS BEING RUN. The London Caledonian Games, sponsored by the *Daily Telegraph*, were held on May 24 at the White City and drew a crowd of some 30,000 spectators. The pageantry of Braemar and purely Scottish displays, such as Highland dancing, and so forth, were combined with track and field events. The track events were run over the metric distances to be used at the Helsinki Olympic Games. D. K. Gracie, Glasgow University, won the 400 metres flat and the 400 metres over hurdles.



ON A FOUR-MONTHS TOUR OF BRITAIN: THE BLAIR ATHOLL NEW ZEALAND GIRLS' MARCHING TEAM, WHO GAVE A DISPLAY AT THE CALEDONIAN GAMES. The Blair Atholl Marching Club girls, members of the marching club which has its headquarters at Dunedin, New Zealand, are on a four-months tour of Britain. All the girls of the team are New Zealand born, and are of English or Scottish descent. In New Zealand, where the sport of team marching is very popular, there are now 400 teams which hold frequent contests. The girls gave a demonstration at the Caledonian Games at the White City on May 24.

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

By ALAN DENT.

A SHADE pompously, and without using any inverted commas (to denote that the phrase is a quotation from Coleridge), the great Manchester critics used to be fond of saying that "the willing suspension of disbelief" was as important an attribute in the playgoer as good hearing, good sight, and the ready desire to be pleased. It is a state of mind considerably more valuable and more necessary in the good filmgoer. And if he be a professional filmgoer—*videlicet*, a critic—he had better practise suspending his disbelief in line with the multitude of non-professional filmgoers, otherwise he joins that small, surly band of critics who like absolutely nothing in the whole course of a season—excepting, possibly, a documentary on the life-history of a peculiar flea whose eggs will hatch only if deposited in the eyelashes of a whale, an elk, or a hippopotamus.

This "suspension of disbelief" must exist in the critic who is keen enough to be readable. But it had better be willing as well, and not grumpily unwilling. In a new British film called "Emergency Call," I realised at the outset that I was going to be asked to believe a good deal that was unusual and even incredible, and that to enjoy this film well enough to be able to recommend it I had better adopt the right Coleridgean attitude of mind.

A little girl of five lies sick in hospital, the victim of the not very common condition called leucæmia, in which the white corpuscles of the blood have unduly increased, and the red diminished in proportion. Nothing but a blood transfusion can save her life. But, most unfortunately, the child, over and above her rare disease, belongs to an exceedingly rare blood-group. There is nothing in any London blood-store to meet her need. The police are brought in to help. They locate four individuals in whose veins runs the right sort of blood—and four only.

Reason, in its stubborn way, here whispers that one out of these four might be an out-of-the-way or bizarre individual, but that the other three would surely be as humdrum as the dustman, the milkman, and the manageress of the local laundry. In other words, it seemed the natural order of things that if

is a fearful oddity. She is a lady who turns out to have passed on, leaving a rich, eccentric widower-husband who dines with her ghost, both of them being served by a venerable butler who is perfectly compliant with his master's hallucinations. The stare and the summary retreat of the honest bobby who has called upon this nightmare ménage are quite the best things

—must have run a number of miles through deserted docks, storeyards, and the like, only surpassed by hunted and haunted actors like Geoffrey Hibbert, whose habit it is to be pursued. The end of the film brings a huge sigh of relief for the sick child's safety. The reticence with which a love-affair between the nice young surgeon (nicely played by Anthony Steel) and the child's widowed mother (Joy Shelton) is hinted at rather than dwelt upon is beyond any praise of mine.

A very interesting curiosity has just been trotted out in "Waterloo Bridge," a film-adaptation of R. E. Sherwood's play, made some twelve years ago in Hollywood. The story is a reverie indulged in by an English colonel on Waterloo Bridge on the first night of World War II., and it is all about World War I., when he was a mere captain who fell in love and nearly married a little dancer called Myra. A cruel newspaper told Myra that her captain had been killed at the front, as a result of which she became a somewhat half-hearted prostitute. And one night when she stood outside Waterloo Station smiling at a string of soldiers coming home on leave, her smile met that of her captain, returned from the dead. So she wiped the Cupid's bow from her lips, and he whirled her off to his stately home in Scotland to meet his formidable but surmountable mother (Lucille Watson), dance with an elderly aristocrat (known as "The Duke," *tout simple et*



"IT TAKES A MINIMUM OF PERSUASION FOR THIS BOXER TO YIELD UP HIS PINT OF BLOOD": TIM MAHONEY, THE BOXER, PLAYED BY THE BOXER FREDDIE MILLS HIMSELF IN A SCENE FROM "EMERGENCY CALL," IN WHICH FLASH HARRY (ERIC POHLMANN; LEFT) AND DANNY MARKS (SIDNEY JAMES) ARE TRYING TO FORCIBLY PERSUADE HIM TO FIGHT A CROOKED FIGHT.

in this episode (and one wishes one could identify the actor to give him a credit).

But the three donors who are discovered are hardly less exceptional individuals. One is a coloured stoker, who takes almost the whole length of the film to be rationally convinced that a white child's life can be saved by what he imagines to be his black blood. (Some expressive and most sincere acting by Earl Cameron keeps us very patient with the character's muddle-headed—not to say curly-headed—logic, or lack of it.) The second is a boxer (played by the boxer Freddie Mills himself, and not at all badly) who has been guilty of what would seem to be a most un-boxerly habit of declining to lose fights he has been instructed to lose. The arrival of police and doctors saves him in the nick of time from being beaten up by some black-avised and unshaven-jowled "promoters" or whatever one calls such desperate gentry in such circumstances. It takes a minimum of persuasion for this boxer to yield up his pint of blood with a fatherly smile to the child and a gallantry to the child's mother of the sort expected in the best British and least exploitable kind of boxer. Indeed, it is not the donor himself, this time, but the circumstances in which we come across him that are sinister and, as we hope, highly unusual.

The third donor is a murderer "on the run," and we have to join in the run—it takes us through dark riverside alleys in Hammersmith—before we pin him down and grab his pint of blood. Fortunately we are well used to such chases. The British crook-film which is unconventional enough to conclude without such a chase will make history. And Jack Warner—here yet again at his coolest and best as a detective-inspector



"A COLOURED STOKER WHO TAKES ALMOST THE WHOLE LENGTH OF THE FILM TO BE RATIONALLY CONVINCED THAT A WHITE CHILD'S LIFE CAN BE SAVED BY WHAT HE IMAGINES TO BE HIS BLACK BLOOD": GEORGE ROBINSON (EARL CAMERON) IN "EMERGENCY CALL" (NETTLEFOLD FILMS), REFUSES THE POLICE OFFICER'S REQUEST TO GIVE A PINT OF HIS BLOOD.

tout court, but touchingly to be recognised as the late Sir Aubrey Smith), and generally to be received as the young laird's lovely and worthy fiancée.

But Myra was unable to rid her mind of Marguerite Gautier's debatable dictum that the creature fallen by the wayside never can arise again. So she catches the next train from Strathwhuskie to London and is next seen prostrating herself under a lorry on Waterloo Bridge, which seems otherwise to be entirely filled with hansom-cabs, four-wheelers, and that Hollywood "particular" which—in those days, if not now—was practically the only weather that ever obtained in London.

This "Waterloo Bridge" does not seem to me—it will be gathered—an absolutely inevitable tragedy, or one to be regarded with the awe inspired by

"The Oresteia" of *Æschylus*. Yet one is easily persuaded to give credence to nearly all that happens in it, because it is very agreeably acted—by the mature players already mentioned, by Robert Taylor in his younger and handsomer days, and by Vivien Leigh, whose beauty and accomplishment were then in an enchanting state of early bud. This is a daffodil just beginning to peer. Never, in short, was disbelief suspended more willingly or with less effort. And at the end of the film it is as though Anna Karenina had fallen under the wheels of a Streetcar named *Desire*.



"AGREEABLY ACTED BY ROBERT TAYLOR IN HIS YOUNGER AND HANDSOMER DAYS, AND BY VIVIEN LEIGH, WHOSE BEAUTY AND ACCOMPLISHMENT WERE THEN IN AN ENCHANTING STATE OF EARLY BUD": "WATERLOO BRIDGE" (M-G-M.), A FILM-ADAPTATION OF R. E. SHERWOOD'S PLAY MADE SOME TWELVE YEARS AGO IN HOLLYWOOD.

one donor had a profession as extraordinary as that of, say, candlestick-maker, the others would merely be the butcher and the baker and the newspaper-boy at the corner. But reason, like disbelief, must be suspended on this typical occasion, and the less natural the order of things, the more engrossed we are, or ought to be.

The police draw a blank with their first potential donor. But even the blank

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SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



THE DUCHESS OF KENT PRESENTING THE QUEEN'S COLOUR TO PORTSMOUTH COMMAND. ADMIRAL SIR ARTHUR J. POWER IS STANDING (LEFT). H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent on May 22 presented to the Portsmouth Naval Command a Queen's Colour. It was the first Queen's Colour presented to the Navy since her Majesty's accession. The C-in-C, Portsmouth, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Arthur Power, accompanied her Royal Highness. The Colour was received by Lieut. C. P. Branson, R.N., and consecrated at a drum-head service by the Rev. J. C. Waters, R.N.



LEN HUTTON.
Chosen to be England's cricket captain in the first Test against India at Leeds, beginning on June 5. He is the first professional to be appointed to the post. Len Hutton, the Yorkshire and England opening batsman, is probably the leading classic batsman of this age.



H.H. OMAR ALI SAIFUDDIN.
The twenty-eighth Sultan of Brunei, who arrived in England on May 20 for a two-months visit, is thirty-six years old; he succeeded his elder brother in June, 1950. It is his first visit to the United Kingdom. In Brunei State is the greatest oilfield in the British Commonwealth.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER WHOSE IRISH VISIT CONCLUDED ON MAY 25: THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES AT HOME WITH THEIR SONS. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester fulfilled a crowded programme during their visit to Northern Ireland from May 21 to 25. During the first part they were guests of the Governor, Earl Granville, and Countess Granville, at Government House, Belfast, and on May 23 they went to stay with the Prime Minister and Lady Brooke. The Freedom of Belfast was conferred on the Duchess, and that of Enniskillen on the Duke.



WITH HIS WIFE IN TOKYO: DR. SHUNICHI MATSUMOTO, THE NEWLY-APPOINTED JAPANESE AMBASSADOR TO LONDON. It was learned at the Japanese Embassy in London on May 20 that the appointment of Dr. Shunichi Matsumoto as the first Japanese Ambassador to London since the war had been approved by the British Government. Dr. Matsumoto, who is fifty-five, is expected to arrive in London some time in June. He entered the Japanese Foreign Office thirty years ago.



ARRIVING AT LONDON AIRPORT FOR A FORTNIGHT'S OFFICIAL VISIT: MR. MENZIES, PREMIER OF AUSTRALIA, WITH HIS WIFE. Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister of Australia, arrived at London Airport on May 24, with Mrs. Menzies, for a fortnight's official visit to this country. They were met by Lord Salisbury, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, and Sir Thomas White.



THE NON-PLAYING CAPTAIN WHO PLAYED AGAIN: DR. J. C. GREGORY, RETURNING FROM BELGRADE. Dr. J. C. Gregory, aged forty-eight, who went to Belgrade with Britain's Davis Cup team as non-playing captain, made a brilliant return to international lawn tennis on May 18. When G. L. Pash was unable to play because of injury, he stepped in as captain and partnered Mottram to win in five sets against Pallada and S. Laslo, 6-4, 1-6, 9-11, 6-2, 6-2.



THE SMUTS MEMORIAL FUND: LORD SALISBURY (LEFT) HANDING A CHEQUE FOR £150,000 AND A LEATHER-BOUND VOLUME TO LORD TEDDER. Lord Salisbury, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, presented on May 20 to Lord Tedder, Chancellor of Cambridge University, a cheque for more than £150,000, representing the proceeds of the Smuts Memorial Fund, together with a bound volume commemorating Field Marshal Smuts's achievements, setting out the purpose of the memorial fund, and recording the names of the subscribers.



SIR KENNETH CLARK.
Appointed to be chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain in succession to Sir Ernest Pooley, whose term of office expires at the end of this year. Owing to a lecture engagement in the U.S., Sir Kenneth Clark cannot assume office until May 1, 1953, and Sir Ernest Pooley has agreed to continue as chairman until that date. Sir Kenneth Clark was Director of the National Gallery from 1934 to 1945.



ARRIVING IN LONDON: CROWN PRINCESS CECILIE (CENTRE), WIDOW OF THE FORMER CROWN PRINCE WILHELM OF GERMANY. Crown Princess Cecilia, widow of the former Crown Prince Wilhelm of Germany, arrived in London on May 22 for the christening of her granddaughter. She was met by her son, Mr. Mansfield (right), formerly Prince Friedrich von Preussen, but now British by naturalisation, and his wife, the former Lady Brigid Guinness (left). The baby, who was christened on May 23, is their third child.



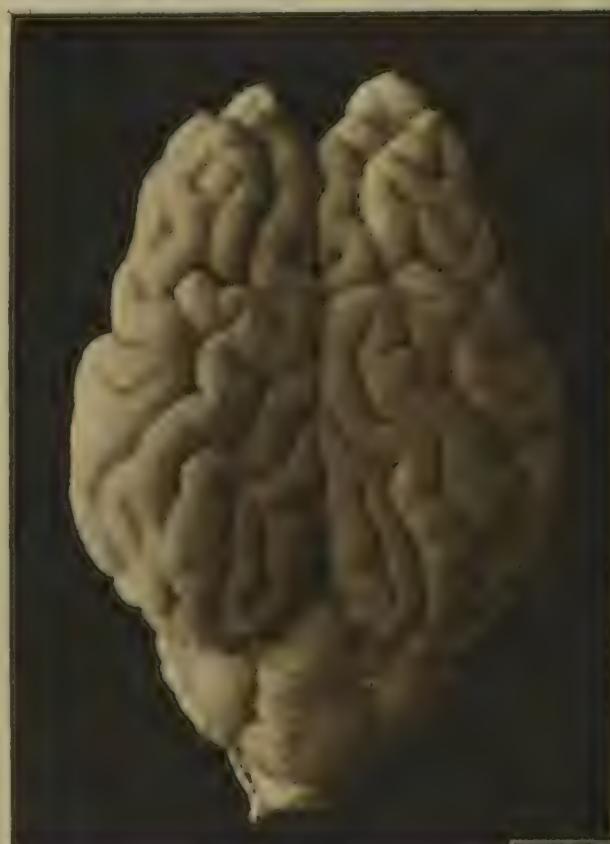
THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

WE, LIKE SHEEP —

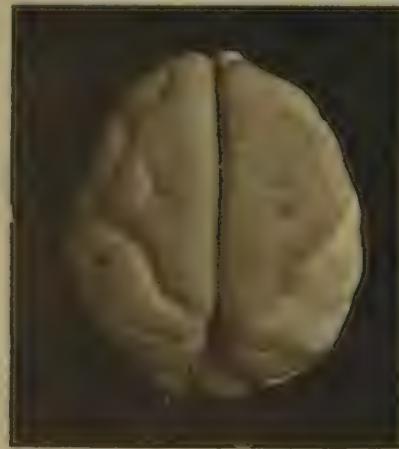
By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

meat, even they can give glimmerings of unsuspected sagacity; and for all one can read of truly wild sheep, stupidity is by no means an outstanding characteristic.

The structure and functioning of the mammalian brain hold mysteries that baffle even the specialists in their field of study, but there are certain basic principles which stare one in the face from the pages of every text-book on the subject. The first is that



HEAVILY CONVOLUTED AND YET BELONGING TO A TRADITIONALLY STUPID ANIMAL: THE BRAIN OF A SHEEP FOR COMPARISON WITH THAT OF A LEMUR (ABOVE, RIGHT).



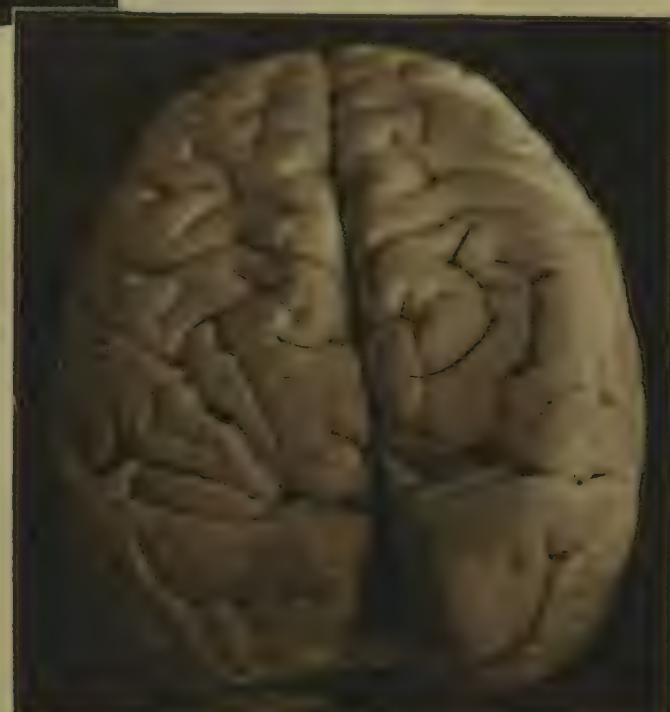
SUPPOSED TO BE NEAR TO THE ANCESTRAL HUMAN STOCK YET HAVING A BRAIN WITH FEW CONVOLUTIONS: THE BRAIN OF A LEMUR (*NYCTICEBUS TARDIGRADUS*) FOR COMPARISON WITH THAT OF A SHEEP (LEFT).

The degree of convolution of the fore-brain is usually an indication of mental capacity. While this is generally true there are a number of anomalies and contradictions. The chimpanzee and hyena both show heavy convolutions that are fairly certainly associated with a high intelligence. The convolutions of a sheep's brain are also well marked and by contrast the brain of a lemur and of a marmoset bear little sign of these supposedly tell-tale furrows. On the other hand, a sheep's brain is small compared with the animal's total size, while the brains of a lemur and a marmoset are relatively large. Convoluting may therefore be primarily a mechanical device for achieving an advanced mental capacity in a limited space.

Photographs by Neave Parker.



BEARING LITTLE SIGN OF THE SUPPOSEDLY TELL-TALE CONVOLUTIONS BY WHICH AN ANIMAL'S INTELLIGENCE MAY BE ASSESSED: THE BRAIN OF A MARMOSET (*MIDAS EDIPUS*), WHICH IS RELATIVELY LARGE WHEN COMPARED WITH THE ANIMAL'S TOTAL SIZE.



"INTELLIGENCE IN . . . THE HIGHER PRIMATES IS INDICATED NOT ONLY BY THE RELATIVE SIZE OF THE BRAIN BUT MORE PARTICULARLY BY THE NUMBER OF CONVOLUTIONS OF THE CEREBRAL HEMISPHERES": THE BRAIN OF A CHIMPANZEE (*ANTHROPOPITHECUS TROGLODYTES*).

intelligence in human beings and the higher primates is indicated not only by the relative size of the brain but more particularly by the number of convolutions of the cerebral hemispheres. The assumption is, therefore, that the amount of such convolutions present offers a rough guide to mental capacity. In the brains of fishes, amphibia, reptiles and birds, the cerebral hemispheres are typically smooth even when, as in birds, they are fairly large relatively to the mass of the brain. The same condition is found in platypus, the most primitive of living mammals. Even in the kangaroos the convolutions are, at the most, merely foreshadowed by the very few grooves marking an otherwise smooth brain. Yet we have in the

writings of various authors frequent comment on the apparent intelligence of some of these animals and little reference to a stupidity. By comparison, the brain of a sheep is heavily convoluted. Are we, perhaps, being led astray by a sheep?

The merits or shortcomings of a sheep's brain do not constitute a burning question, but they touch upon a wide general interest in the relative intelligence of animals. This constantly shows itself in conversation, and especially in question-time following a lecture to a lay audience. This may perhaps be less a symptom of intrinsic interest than a sign of bewilderment. People follow closely the behaviour of their pets, or have opportunity for seeing what wild animals can do, and find their performances difficult to reconcile with what the pundits have to say. There is, of course, no easy answer to this or any of its associated questions. My scrutiny of this sheep's brain did suggest one thing, however, which may be the cause of some bewilderment to the minds of lay enquirer and scientist alike.

A convoluted brain-surface is peculiar to mammals, except the duck-bill platypus and spiny anteater. It varies from one mammal to another and, in general, the higher in the scale the more heavily convoluted is a beast's brain. Thus far there is a logical basis for a general statement: and this is supported by an *a priori* argument, that the folding of the brain gives an increased surface for mental activity to take place. There are, however, so many anomalies and exceptions that it requires considerable qualification.

A crow or a raven has, in common with all birds, no convolutions on its fore-brain. A sloth, in common with all but the excepted mammals, has. Can we really believe that a sloth is more intelligent than a crow? Or, again, is the duckbill, with its smooth brain, capable of a lesser show of mental activity than a sloth? The written accounts of their behaviour suggest otherwise. The brain of a whale is remarkably heavily convoluted, so that, at first sight, one is tempted to believe it endowed with extraordinary mental performances hitherto unrevealed. Perhaps a whale's brain gives a valuable clue. It is small compared with the total bulk of its possessor. Are the convolutions of a brain merely a means of packing more into a limited space? Or perhaps, in place of this naive question, one should ask: Should we not estimate the value of the convolutions by the volume of cranial capacity relative to the bulk of the body? An elephant has a heavily convoluted brain, but it is surprisingly small compared with its huge bulk. On the other hand, a lemur's brain has few convolutions, and the lemurs are supposed to be near to the ancestral human stock; but, then, the lemur's brain is large for the size of its body.

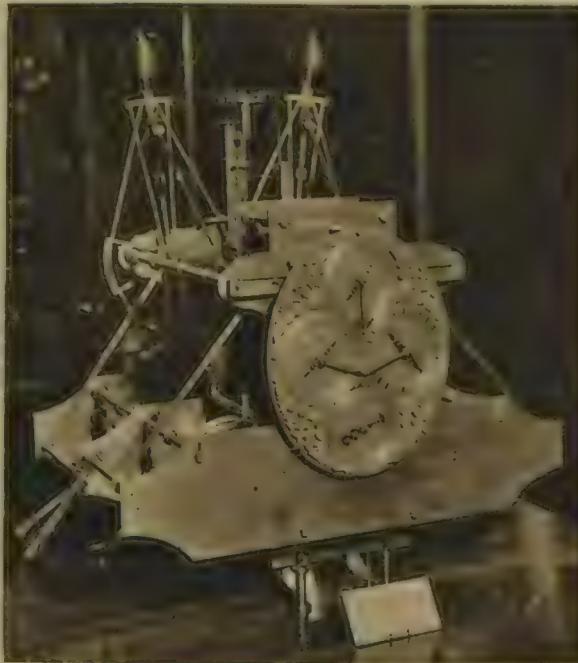
The only person to have looked at this side of things that I can recall, was the American surgeon, George C. Crile, and his work does not seem to cut much ice, judging from my conversations with learned men. But, continuing the modern vernacular, Crile seems to have got something. The qualification to the usual academic statement should be, it seems, that convolution of the fore-brain is essentially a mammalian feature, giving a greater potentiality for mental capacity, but the extent of the convolutions must be related to the volumetric ratio between brain and body. Before we have this it is difficult to see how we can start to assess the value of convolutions relative to observed behaviour.

HISTORIC CLOCKS, WATCHES AND CHRONOMETERS ON VIEW: THE BRITISH CLOCKMAKER'S HERITAGE EXHIBITION.

AN exhibition illustrating British achievements in horology in invention, in design and in craftsmanship throughout the past centuries, has been organised by the Antiquarian Section of the British Horological Institute and opened last week at the Science Museum, South Kensington. It will continue until September 14. It is divided into four main sections; an introductory group of clocks made before the inventions of the pendulum and balance-spring, and three larger groups showing the development from about 1660 to 1820 of clocks for scientific purposes; domestic clocks and the history of watches from about 1600 until 1820. The lenders are headed by H.M. the Queen, who graciously

[Continued opposite.]

THE GREAT AND THE SMALL: THE LARGEST LONG-CASE CLOCK ON VIEW, AN ASTRONOMICAL AND EQUATION CLOCK BY EDWARD COCKEY, LENT BY MR. ILBERT; AND THE SMALLEST.



THE FIRST MARINE TIMEKEEPER (THIRTY-SIX HOUR), BY JOHN HARRISON, MADE IN 1735, LENT BY THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY, GREENWICH, TO THE EXHIBITION.

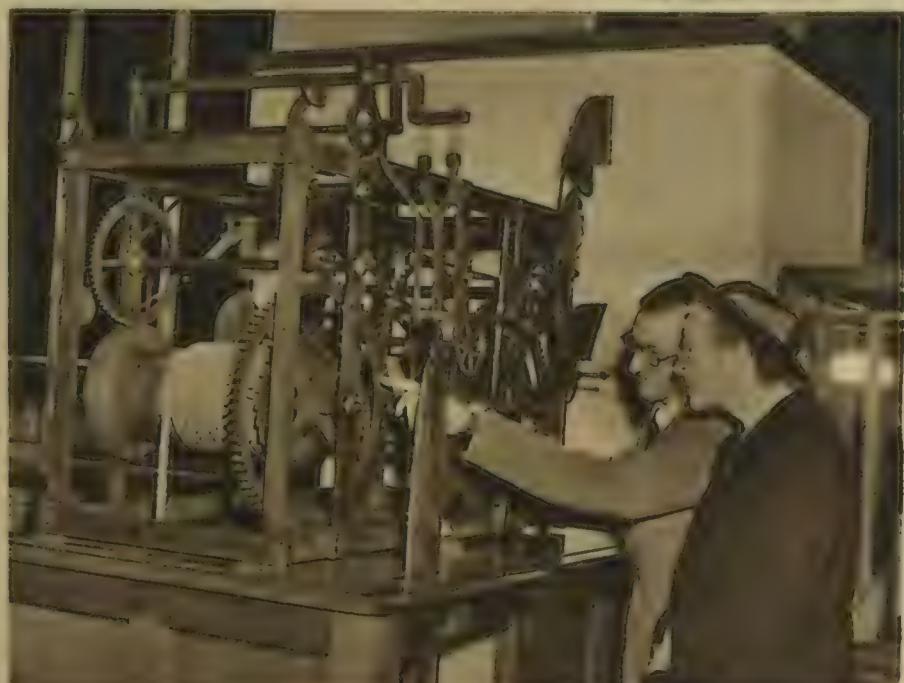
Continued.] confirmed his late Majesty's promise to lend four clocks. John Harrison's Fourth Marine Timekeeper, which we illustrate, won him the final instalment of the £20,000 prize offered by the British Government for a method of determining longitude at sea to within an accuracy of thirty miles at the end of a voyage to the West Indies. Taken to Jamaica in H.M.S. *Deptford* in 1761, its error on arrival was not more than five seconds. Larcum Kendall's duplicate, ordered by the Board of Longitude, equalled the performance of the original. Harrison's No. 4 is lent by the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, and Larcum Kendall's duplicate by the Royal United Services Institution.



MADE IN 1676 BY THOMAS TOMPION AND PRESENTED TO THE FIRST ASTRONOMER ROYAL, JOHN FLAMSTEED: A YEAR TIMEPIECE, LENT BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



THE FOURTH MARINE TIMEKEEPER BY JOHN HARRISON AND SON, 1759, WHICH WON £20,000; AND THE COPY BY LARCUM KENDAL, WHICH EQUALLED ITS PERFORMANCE.



TURRET CLOCK MOVEMENT FROM CASSIOBURY PARK: PROBABLY EARLY 17TH CENTURY, WITH THE ORIGINAL FOLIOT BALANCE. LENT BY MR. M. WEBSTER.



SIGNED N. VALLIN: A CHIMING CLOCK, 1598, WITH CARILLON OF THIRTEEN BELLS. SHOWN IN GROUP I. LENT BY MR. C. A. ILBERT.



AN IMPORTANT ASTRONOMICAL TIMEPIECE BY SAMUEL WATSON: ORDERED FOR CHARLES II. AND EVENTUALLY BOUGHT BY MARY II. LENT BY H.M. THE QUEEN.



BRACKET CLOCK BY JAMES COX, C. 1770: A THREE-TRAIN EIGHT-DAY MUSICAL CLOCK PLAYING ONE OF A SELECTION OF TEN TUNES. LENT BY MR. A. VANDEKAR.

THE END OF A CIVILISATION OF THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO: ACHÆAN AND SEA PEOPLE CULTURES REVEALED AT ALASIA, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF CYPRUS.

By PROFESSOR DR. CLAUDE F. A. SCHAEFFER, *Corr. F.B.A., F.S.A.* (Director, French Centre of Scientific Research, Paris; Director of the French Archaeological Expeditions to Ras Shamra and Cyprus; Formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford.) (Photographs, unless otherwise stated, Copyright by Professor Schaeffer.)

In our last issue Professor Schaeffer discussed the recent discoveries made at Enkomi-Alasia, with especial reference to the Bronze Age levels and the silver, gold and niello cup, which we illustrated in full colour. He continues here with those levels which are concerned with an Achæan phase and the coming of the Sea People.

WE publish here a first report on the excavation of the large building discovered during the 1949 season in the western part of the town site of Enkomi,



FIG. 1. A SEQUENCE OF EVENTS WHICH MARKED THE END OF A CIVILISATION IN CYPRUS PORTRAYED IN VISIBLE REMAINS: (LEFT) THE ASHLAR FRONT OF THE ACHÆAN CHIEF'S RESIDENCE; (CENTRE) THE GRAVEL LEVELS DEPOSITED BY THE GREAT FLOODS; AND (RIGHT) THE SMALL STONE HOUSES OF THE SEA PEOPLE. ("Enkomi-Alasia," Vol. I., Plate LII.)

and explored further in 1950 (see my volume, "Enkomi-Alasia," I., Paris, C. Klincksieck, 1950, Rue de Lille, pp. 239 to 377—to which volume the notes under the photographs refer).

It is the most extensive and best-built construction found until now at Enkomi (Figs. 1, 2, 7, 9, 11). Some of the blocks used for its fine ashlar walls measure 9 ft. in length and 4½ ft. in height. The southern façade has several big windows and four gateways. Floors made of thick layers of compressed white earth are hard, with a well-smoothed surface. The upper courses of the double-faced walls are hollow and covered with cross-slabs (Fig. 9), a technique strikingly similar to that of the famous grave circle of the Acropolis of Mycenæ which Schliemann interpreted as benches of the Agora (see H. Schliemann, "Mycenæ," London: John Murray, 1878, p. 125). No bricks seem to have been used. The building, consisting of one central part and two wings, is not yet entirely excavated. But the general plan shows one rectangular inner court, with the main rooms built against the outer walls. To the right of the main gate, a corridor and staircase led to the upper storey. The building was everywhere excavated to the bed-rock, but several examples of its superimposed floors have been spared for central excavations. Five floor-levels have been identified, the earliest (V.) belonging to the original building. The pottery found in or under this floor being of Late Cypriote II. age (*Chypriote Récent* II. and III.), without later admixture, it is clear that the foundation of the building goes back to the period between 1350 and 1250 B.C. Only in the central part of the building was observed the existence of an earlier floor (VI.), which dates to the same period as floor V. and seems to belong to a slightly earlier and smaller construction replaced by the final building.

Towards the end of its existence, the original building, corresponding to floor V., was partially re-used by people different from the former occupants. The pottery of this phase is of the transitional type of the very Late Bronze to Early Iron Age, with some fine examples of "close style" vases (Fig. 8). This reoccupation period was only of short duration from c. 1225 to 1175 B.C.

Immediately after that date, the vast building was destroyed by fire in the course of a general

catastrophe related to the occupation of Cyprus by the Sea People, among which was a branch of the Philistines, before their advance towards Egypt, where they suffered defeat at the hands of Rameses III., in the naval and land battle of c. 1163 B.C.

The burnt ruins of the building, after having been strengthened by repairs, were partitioned into small dwellings and workshops new inhabitants of Enkomi, mixed with remnants of the former population (floor IV.) (Figs. 4 and 5). Characterised by the complete absence of Mycenæan ware (including its final phase, the "close style"), the pottery then in use at Enkomi, of much poorer aspect than in the preceding period, has been termed sub-Mycenæan ware (Gjerstad: debased levanto-helladic ware; Furumark: decorated L.C. III. ware).

Another significant change to be observed at this juncture is the first appearance in the island of iron weapons and tools, even in the dwellings or tombs of ordinary people. At the beginning of this new period (*Chypriote Fer. I.*: 1200-1150 or Late Cypriote III.), the sub-Mycenæan ware was used exclusively, as seen also from the intact tombs of that period, one of which (Tomb 5) has been described in the preceding article.

But soon after the time of floor-level IV., specimens of the so-called *granary ware* (Fig. 6), identical with or very similar to the pottery found among the ruins of Mycenæ after its fall, make their first appearance, mixed with the still-predominating sub-Mycenæan ware, in the Sea People or Early Iron Age levels overlying the building.

During this phase, corresponding to floors III. and II. (c. 1150-1100 B.C.), extensive structural changes were made in the dwellings among the ruins of the former building. Doors and windows have been walled up and the floor-levels raised twice (Figs. 1, 2, 7), in connection with floods which, in the course of at least six years of exceptionally heavy rainfall, deposited gravel and sand layers to a thickness of nearly 3 ft. in the east-west streets of the lower town.

According to our research at Enkomi and formerly in sites of the Late Bronze Age and the Hallstatt period in Europe, the climatic disturbance of Cyprus during the twelfth century B.C. has to be connected with the rather sudden return of a cooler and wetter Atlantic climate after the warm and dry continental climate which characterised the Late Bronze Age.



FIG. 2. THE MAGNIFICENT ASHLAR BLOCKS OF THE ACHÆAN CHIEFTAIN'S HOUSE, WITH WINDOWS WALLED UP WITH SMALL STONE AGAINST THE DELUGE OF THE MID-TWELFTH CENTURY B.C. LOWER RIGHT, AN ENTRANCE TO AN UNDERGROUND BURIAL CHAMBER. ("Enkomi-Alasia," Vol. I., Plate LI.)

Through independent research of post-glacial geology in Central and Northern Europe, this change has been dated to the middle of the twelfth century B.C., and is therefore contemporary with the now-discovered flood-levels of Enkomi.

The dwellings of the floor-level II. built among and over the ruins of the original building, have been partially destroyed by an event of sudden character and rebuilt or repaired immediately afterwards.

Evidence is in favour of an earthquake, which seemed to have damaged also other towns in eastern Cyprus, such as Sinda and Curium, c. 1100 B.C.

In the earthquake level (floor II.) was found the bronze figure of a seated god (Figs. 14, 17, 18). But the bronze throne belonging to it was lying in a hiding-place discovered under the next level (floor I.), together with another statue, also seated (Figs. 13, 15, 16). It looks, therefore, that after the earthquake that devastated level II., only the bronze throne could be recovered. It was then provided with a new statue, which does not fit the size and construction of the seat. Finally, the group was placed in hiding under floor I., when the inhabitants of Enkomi during the eleventh century B.C. began to take measures against the menace which threatened the town, and indeed, caused its final destruction and desertion towards c. 1050 B.C.

The two seated statuettes thus represent gods venerated in the twelfth to eleventh century at Enkomi. Together with the remarkable bronze statue which I consider to be the earliest known Apollo (Fig. 3), or which Mr. Dikaios believes to be the god Nergal, found by my British partner-expedition (*The Illustrated London News*, August 27, 1949), they are the first monuments to allow the study of the art of the Sea People period.

The discovery of the great building with floors V. and VI. to which we referred above, was due to soundings made as early as 1934, when we first found evidence of the existence of the town-site at the former Mycenæan necropolis of Enkomi. They revealed remains of extensive walls of fine ashlar technique in the western part of the site, which we proposed to excavate later. On the other hand, in the same region the Swedish expedition under Dr. Gjerstad had excavated in 1930 the important burial cave 18, the richest they had found in the necropolis ("Swedish Cyprus Expedition," I., p. 547). Following our discovery that the Enkomi tombs in most cases have been family vaults built under the floors of the corresponding Bronze Age dwellings, we

concluded that Tomb 18 may reveal the site of an important building of ancient Alasia. Indeed, exactly at the spot where the exceptionally rich Tomb 18 had been found, our stratigraphical research has now disclosed the remains of the most extensive and best-built building so far discovered at Enkomi. In addition to the topographical relationship of Tomb 18 and the building overlying it, the date and architecture of the building on the one side and the nature of the finds made in the tomb on the other side, reveal remarkably close connections.

The date of the final period of the building is exactly the same as that of the tomb according to the Swedish excavators, 1250-1200 B.C. The remarkable architecture of the building points to a strong Mycenæan or Achæan influence, as do the finds made in the tomb. It is the only one to contain, next to skeletons of exceptionally tall warriors, weapons of distinctly Mycenæan or Achæan origin, notably a long, slashing sword identical with the kind found among the ruins of Mycenæ by Schliemann and by following

excavators in the Achæan homeland.

It is evident that the Tomb 18 represents the family vault of the thirteenth-century building found overlying it. Tomb and building are thus recognised as belonging to a family of chieftains of Mycenæan or Achæan origin, who had ruled the capital Alasia of Cyprus during the thirteenth century B.C., and who seem to have conquered the island, or at least its southern shores, as early as the second half of the

(Continued opposite.)



FIG. 3. APOLLO OR NERGAL? THE REMARKABLE BRONZE STATUE (NEARLY 2 FT. HIGH) WHICH WAS FOUND IN AN EARLIER SEASON AT ENKOMI, AND WHICH WITH THE STATUETTES SHOWN IN FIGS. 12-18 ARE THE FIRST MONUMENTS TO ALLOW THE STUDY OF THE ART OF THE SEA PEOPLE PERIOD (TWELFTH-ELEVENTH CENTURY B.C.) (Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of August 27, 1949; Copyright, Department of Antiquities, Cyprus.)

THE FLOWER AND FALL OF A BRONZE AGE CIVILISATION: ENKOMI FINDS.



FIG. 4. REMAINS OF A FURNACE OF THE SEA PEOPLE, MADE AGAINST THE ASHLAR WALL OF THE ACHÆAN CHIEF'S HOUSE. ("Enkomi-Alasia," Vol. I., p. 311.)



FIG. 5. BRONZE SMELTING IN THE IRON AGE: A STONE POT FOR MELTING BRONZE, WITH STILL-ADHERING SLACK. ("Enkomi-Alasia," Vol. I., Pl. XCIV.)



FIG. 6. A SPECIMEN OF THE "GRANARY STYLE" POTTERY, FOUND IN THE SEA PEOPLE LEVEL AT ENKOMI. TWELFTH CENTURY B.C. ("Enkomi-Alasia," Vol. I., Pl. LXXXI.)



FIG. 7. THE SOUTH FAÇADE OF THE ACHÆAN CHIEF'S HOUSE, SHOWING THE MAGNIFICENT ASHLAR STONWORK, WITH WINDOWS BLOCKED AT A LATER DATE AGAINST THE DISASTROUS FLOODS. ("Enkomi-Alasia," Vol. I., Pl. XLVII.)



FIG. 8. PAINTED PITCHER WITH SPOUT AND STRAINER OF THE "CLOSE STYLE" POTTERY FROM THE REOCCUPATION LEVEL OF THE ACHÆAN HOUSE. ("Enkomi-Alasia," Vol. I., Pl. LXXX and Fig. 91.)

Continued.
fourteenth century B.C. It is not impossible that this conquest of Cyprus was part of the great Achæan expansion which culminated in the capture of Troy, the traditional date of which (beginning of the twelfth century) is now seriously questioned by several scholars. It is probably not just a coincidence that part of the coast north of Enkomi and of Famagusta is considered by tradition as the "Beach of the Achæans," and that the language spoken in Cyprus is a distinctly archaic Greek dialect which, outside the island, has only survived in Pamphylia and Arcadia, the homeland of the Achæans (see [Continued below].



(ABOVE.) FIG. 9. AN ASHLAR BLOCK OF THE ACHÆAN HOUSE, SHOWING THE CUTTING OF THE TOP TO ACCOMMODATE THE NEXT COURSE. ("Enkomi-Alasia," Vol. I., Pl. LI.)



(LEFT.) FIG. 10. AN IMPRESSION OF A SEA PEOPLE CYLINDER RING SHOWING BEARDED MEN WITH STICKS, WHOSE POSE IS STRANGELY REPEATED IN FIG. II (RIGHT) BY THE WOMAN SHOVING EARTH AMONG THE ACHÆAN HOUSE EXCAVATIONS. ("Enkomi-Alasia," Vol. I., Pl. VIII. and Frontispiece.)



Continued.
G. Hill, "History of Cyprus," p. 85). Our finds in the great building also disclose that the Achæan chieftains of Alasia were deprived of their fief and residence by other conquerors who seem also to have been of Mycenæan and possibly Rhodian origin, judging from the fine "close style" pottery so similar to that of Ialisos, which they used and from the fact that they refrained from violating the rich family tomb beneath the residence they had taken over. This happened at the time when, according to the Madduwatta text found among the cuneiform archives of Boghazkoy, the island had been taken over by the Greek Attarsija,

who was allied to the man, or king (the word means both), of Piggaya during the time Arnuvanda II. (c. 1225-1205) was King of the Hittites. This was obviously but the last flicker of the Achæan position in the island. Then, shortly after 1200 B.C., according to our stratigraphical research, came the Sea People and Philistine invasion which ended the Bronze Age culture in the island as a whole, and opened the Iron Age or *Cypriote Fer I.* (Late Cypriote III.). After having burnt down the Achæan residence in Enkomi and settled in the island, the invaders, with their navy now based on the southern ports of Cyprus, advanced towards

(Continued overleaf.)

UNIQUE FINDS: GODS OF THE SEA PEOPLE OF CYPRUS AND THEIR THRONE.



FIG. 12. THE BRONZE MINIATURE THRONE FROM THE SEA PEOPLE LEVEL I, AFTER CLEANING, WITH "WICKER" SEAT AND TENONS TO HOLD STATUE. ("Enkomi-Alasia," Vol. I., Pl. LXIII.)



FIG. 13. THE SAME THRONE WITH THE SEATED FIGURE AS FOUND (SEE FIG. 16) AND BEFORE CLEANING. THIS FIGURE WAS THE SECOND MADE FOR THE THRONE. ("Enkomi-Alasia," Vol. I., Pl. LXXII.)



FIG. 17. THE TWO SEATED FIGURES COMPARED: THE ORIGINAL (LEFT) WITH CUP IN HAND, WHICH WAS FOUND IN THE LOWER LEVEL; AND THE LATER (RIGHT) AND INFERIOR. ("Enkomi-Alasia," Vol. I., Pl. LXXIV.)



FIG. 14. THE ORIGINAL FIGURE, WHICH HAD BEEN LOST IN ANTIQUITY, RESTORED TO THE THRONE, WHICH IT FITS PERFECTLY. ("Enkomi-Alasia," Vol. I., Pl. LXXV.)



FIG. 15. THE REPLACEMENT FIGURE, ALSO MADE IN ANTIQUITY, SEATED ON THE THRONE, WHICH IT DOES NOT FIT, EVEN WITH AN ADDED TENON. ("Enkomi-Alasia," Vol. I., Pl. XXII.)



FIG. 16. ONE OF THE EARLIEST MONUMENTS OF THE ART OF THE SEA PEOPLE: THE BRONZE THRONE AND SEATED FIGURE, DISCOVERED *IN SITU* IN THE LATEST LEVEL OF THE TOWN. ("Enkomi-Alasia," Vol. I., Pl. LXXI.)

Continued from previous page.

Egypt, to be defeated by Rameses III., c. 1163. Those who had remained in the island mixed with the remnants of the Bronze Age population, soon restored the activity and prosperity of Enkomi-Alasia. The well-known ivories, found by Murray, now in the British Museum, belong to the Sea People period, and by themselves testify against the opinion of the contemporary Egyptian historians, who described these twelfth-century invaders as utter barbarians. Soon after their settlement in the island, the Sea People and Philistines were confronted there with the arrival of a fresh current of Aegean influence marked by the appearance



FIG. 18. AN UNKNOWN DEITY OF THE SEA PEOPLE—THE CUP-HOLDING (EARLIER) FIGURE ON ITS BRONZE THRONE. COMPARE FIG. 14. ("Enkomi-Alasia," Vol. I., Pl. LXXV.)

in the Enkomi town-levels of a gradually increasing quantity of specimens of the *granary ware*, certainly imported at first, later probably imitated by the local potters. This happened at the time when Mycenae in Argos was finally destroyed. During our new excavations in Cyprus this autumn, special attention will be given to the latest levels of the town site, in order to find the answer to the question why this prosperous and important city of Alasia was abandoned and deserted by its inhabitants in the course of the eleventh century B.C., to be later replaced by the Roman Salamis, a few miles nearer to the present coast-line.

WHIPSNADE COMES OF AGE: BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS AT THE FAMOUS ZOO.



ANIMALS AND STAGE, SCREEN, AND TELEVISION STARS ENJOY WHIPSNADE'S TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY PARTY: MISS KAREN GREER HAVING A RIDE ON TWO-YEAR-OLD YALLI.

ON May 22 Whipsnade Zoological Park celebrated its coming-of-age. The park is the property of the Zoological Society of London, and its original conception was due to the late Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell, for many years Secretary of the Society. In 1927 the chief part of the Whipsnade estate, some 420 acres, was bought. The area is now 560 acres, of which roughly 400 are included in the park and 160 are farmland. The park first opened its gates on May 22, 1931. The laying-out and planning of the estate were the work of Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell and of Dr. G. M. Vevers, then Superintendent of the Society. One of the animals which was there when the park opened survives today. This is *Dixie*, a female Indian elephant, which was formerly with Bostock's Circus. She is still cared for by the keeper who had charge of her in her performing days—and she hasn't forgotten a single trick!



EVEN THE CAMEL LOOKED ROUND: MISS DINAH SHERIDAN, STAR OF THE ROYAL COMMAND FILM "WHERE NO VULTURES FLY," SITTING ON ITS BACK WAVING A HUGE BIRTHDAY KEY.



HALF A CUPFUL, PLEASE: COMPO, ONE OF THE FAMOUS LONDON ZOO TEA-PARTY CHIMPANZEES WHO VISITED WHIPSNADE FOR THE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS, GETS SOME MILK.



ON THE GRASSY SLOPES OF THE DUNSTABLE DOWNS: A BREEDING HERD OF NORTH AMERICAN BISON WANDERING AT WILL IN A LARGE ENCLOSURE. TO CELEBRATE WHIPSNADE'S BIRTHDAY, THE LION CARVED ON THE CHALK DOWNS IS BEING ILLUMINATED.



HEADED BY YALLI, THE TWO-YEAR-OLD BABY ELEPHANT: WHIPSNADE ANIMALS IN THE DAILY PARADE. YALLI WAS FOUND WHEN ONLY A FEW WEEKS OLD, DESERTED BY HER MOTHER IN COLOMBO.



IN THEIR NEWLY-OPENED ENCLOSURE: SOME OF THE TWENTY-ONE PENGUINS WHICH WERE SENT FROM EDINBURGH TO MARK WHIPSNADE'S BIRTHDAY.



IN my opinion—and I am inclined to think that you will agree with me—this is a distinguished-looking page which does credit both to your taste and mine. We are not fanatics over any period of the arts, but can find our way about through the centuries and can derive as much aesthetic pleasure from a vigorous monumental pottery figure from a Chinese tomb of the fifth century A.D. as from the simple functional shape of the wine-bottle from seventeenth-century Lambeth, a frivolous, ruby-backed porcelain plate of the reign of the Emperor Chien Lung, or an eighteenth-century Bristol adaptation of Chinese tradition. We are, in short, uncommonly nice, broad-minded, knowledgeable people of the most delicate sensibilities, with a very proper conceit of ourselves—as prone to pontificate about our views as was James Boswell, who once ventured the opinion that a life of Dr. Young, or somebody or other, was an excellent imitation of Dr. Johnson's literary style and was rebuked by Edmund Burke in the following words: "No, no. It is not a good imitation of Johnson: it has all his pomp, without his force; it has all the nodosities of the oak without its strength; it has all the contortions of the Sybil without the inspiration."

We could perhaps prick the bubble of our self-complacency in not quite so heavy-handed a manner as that, because it is not fair to ask you to form a judgment from a photograph alone—anyway, the point is that these things are deliberate forgeries, and I am greatly indebted to Mr. A. J. B. Kiddell, whose name will not be unfamiliar to students of ceramics the world over, for permission to publish these few prints from among many he has gleefully acquired during a reasonably lengthy experience of the ways of this wicked world.

The Six Dynasties tomb-figure (Fig. 2) was made in 1923 for the late Dr. Crofts; not, of course, with intent to make money, but to satisfy himself and others that a convincing imitation was possible. Most of the best people of that day were taken in by it, and it was only when a piece of paper was produced from the underside of the horse, signed by the perpetrator of the joke, that they realised they had been led astray. In fact, all these tomb-figures are comparatively easy to imitate with the aid of moulds, and Dr. W. P. Yetts wrote long ago of having seen hundreds of them ranged on shelves in Peking. Equally dangerous are originals which have been subjected to various surgical operations—legs removed, for example, and replaced by others which serve to turn a somewhat tame, somnolent animal into a pawing charger fit for a prince.

On the whole, the more sophisticated the object, the more difficult it is to imitate—apart from any other consideration, the handling of glazes is very tricky, and so also is the painting on such pieces as the plate here (Fig. 4) and the saucer (Fig. 1). To my mind the perpetrator of the plate gives himself away to the experienced eye by a certain indecisiveness in his drawing as much as by anything else, but if this looks suspicious, if not at first, then at second sight, I should say the forgery of the Bristol porcelain saucer (the cup to match it also exists, although it is not illustrated) is a minor masterpiece. It is particularly ingenious because, after all,

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. "TREASONS, STRATAGEMS AND SPOILS."

By FRANK DAVIS.

an original Bristol piece is in itself an attempt to imitate the Chinese, and the painter of the cup and saucer was, in a way, merely putting himself in the skin of a Bristol potter. That he is forging deliberately is shown by the mark X and the numeral 7. Moreover—



FIG. 1. ENAMELLED WITH CHINESE FIGURES BY SAMSON, OF PARIS: AN INGENIOUS IMITATION OF A BRISTOL PORCELAIN SAUCER.

This saucer, enamelled with Chinese figures in imitation of Bristol porcelain, bears the mark X and the numeral 7. The letter S by the foot of the boy stands for Samson, but could also be the signature of William Stephens, the Bristol painter.

and this is a delightful piece of knavery—there is the letter S at the foot of the boy on the saucer (Fig. 1). This stands for Samson, of Paris—but to you or me, finding this pretty thing in a sale or on the shelf of a cabinet, it could very well be the signature of William Stephens, the Bristol painter.

The Lambeth tin-enamelled wine-bottle (Fig. 3) is, I suggest, equally good in its way, though I should like to think I should be cautious because the word *WHIT* appears to be very laboriously drawn—as if whoever did it was taking immense pains to make it just so. All the same, I am pretty sure I should fall for it, especially if the light was not too good and the price was tempting.

It is, no doubt, deplorable that men of technical, but not generally creative ability have always been forthcoming to pit their wits in this manner against the experience and knowledge acquired by more



FIG. 2. MADE IN 1923 FOR THE LATE DR. CROFTS: A MODERN IMITATION OF A CHINESE SIX DYNASTIES TOMB-FIGURE. This figure "was made in 1923 for the late Dr. Crofts; not, of course, with intent to make money, but to satisfy himself and others that a convincing imitation was possible" of a Chinese Six Dynasties tomb-figure.



FIG. 4. IN IMITATION OF AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHINESE EGGSHELL *famille rose* RUBY-BACKED PIECE: A FRENCH FORGERY.

The perpetrator of this plate made in imitation of a Chinese eighteenth-century *famille rose* ruby-backed piece "gives himself away to the experienced eye by a certain indecisiveness in his drawing as much as by anything else," writes Frank Davis.

Illustrations by courtesy of Mr. A. J. B. Kiddell.

honest people, and yet it is difficult to write of the subject with any great solemnity. The small boy will inevitably enjoy watching a dignified old gentleman chasing his hat in half a gale, and equally the pleasure of seeing experts discomfited is bound to be consoling to the rest of us.

Faking is a very ancient roguery, as is implied by the way Pliny pokes fun at those connoisseurs who claimed to be able to detect whether a bronze was old or new by its smell. Michelangelo in his youth carved a marble Cupid and buried it; it was dug up and sold to a cardinal as an antique. That is the classic example of deliberate forgery—but the forger was a genius in his own right and it is amusing to think how cross the cardinal was when he discovered the truth, and how proud he would have been a few years later to be the owner of something by so great a person.

The pieces illustrated here are but the small change of the underworld. I would remind you of more notable instances from our own time. The memory of Van Meegeren is still fresh—how salutary for most of us who ever went to Rotterdam to see the "Vermeer" he painted to have had our eyes opened! The name of Dossena will be less familiar—yet not so long ago his sculptures in Greek or Gothic or Renaissance styles (he was nothing if not versatile) had found their way into many notable collections, both public and private. He had an extraordinary gift for assimilating the spirit of almost any period, and it was only after his work had been on the international market for several years that keen eyes detected an all-pervading "Dossena style" in it.

Then there was a notable stir a little before the First World War, when the great Dr. Bode, of the Berlin Museum, acquired a wax bust of the goddess Flora which was duly acclaimed as a lost work by Leonardo da Vinci. In view of the interest which the present Leonardo da Vinci exhibition has aroused, I

am surprised that no one seems to have reminded the public of this most hilarious of controversies. Unfortunately, an old gentleman, A. D. Lucas, came forward and announced that he had a most vivid recollection of having helped his father, Richard Lucas, to make this very bust sixty years before.

Another equally famous forgery was the gold ornament known as The Tiara of Saltapharnes, bought by the Louvre in 1896. This was the work of a brilliant jeweller of Odessa, Rouchomovski, who embossed scenes from Homeric legend around it, using as his models engravings from various popular, and inaccurate, picture-books of the time. It was a magnificent object, but in the opinion of most experts, far too good to be true. Nevertheless, the Louvre stoutly defended their purchase until the matter was finally settled by Rouchomovski himself when he came to Paris in 1903. The Louvre presumably quoted Milton:

"Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence
With vizor'd falsehood, and base forgery?"
and the answer was a triumphant "Yes!"

The cure for all this? Fairly simple, though the ingredients make an imposing list. The growing of angels' wings on all of us would help, but if that is considered too difficult, the following régime is recommended. Wide reading, continuous training of the eyes, more than a nodding acquaintance with materials, the discovery of both how and when these materials were used, what they look like under ultra-violet rays, the style favoured by many peoples during many centuries. Study all this and more for 100 years and if you then never make a mistake it is probably because you are at once so learned and so timid that you never dare express any opinion whatsoever.

ON VIEW AT CHATSWORTH:
DEVONSHIRE ART TREASURES.

"A SPARROW-HAWK"; PEN AND BROWN INK AND BROWN WASH. (8½ by 8½ ins.)



"DECORATIVE DESIGN OF VEGETABLES, FRUIT, BIRDS AND BUTTERFLIES." WATER- AND BODY-COLOUR OVER BLACK CHALK. (22½ by 17½ ins.)



"A HAW-FINCH PERCHING AND THE UNDERSIDE OF THE SAME BIRD." WATER-COLOUR OVER BLACK CHALK. (11½ by 8½ ins.)



"DESIGN FOR A MASQUE"; BY INIGO JONES (1573-1652). PEN AND BROWN INK, AND GREY WASH. (14½ by 13½ ins.)



HUNG WITH LATE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BRUSSELS TAPESTRIES AND CONTAINING FINE PAINTINGS AND OTHER WORKS OF ART: THE SOUTH CORRIDOR, CHATSWORTH.

"DESIGN FOR A MASQUE"; BY INIGO JONES (1573-1652). PEN AND BROWN INK AND GREY WASH (14½ by 13½ ins.)



"ST. CHRISTOPHER BEARING THE CHRIST CHILD"; A MINIATURE FROM THE ILLUMINATED MISSAL OF HENRY VIII, ONE OF THE TREASURES OF THE CHATSWORTH LIBRARY.



CAST c. 475 B.C.: THE FAMOUS GREEK BRONZE HEAD OF APOLLO, FOUND IN CYPRUS AND ACQUIRED BY THE SIXTH DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE IN 1838.



ST. ETHELREDA, PATRON SAINT OF ELY: A PAGE FROM THE BENEDICTIONAL OF ST. AETHELWOLD, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, 963-984 A.D.

A special exhibition has opened at Chatsworth and will run until September 28. Distinct from the tour of the house, which continues, it is a display of the chief treasures of the Devonshire Collection, including paintings until recently in the Duke's London house. The Greek bronze head of Apollo, a work of outstanding importance, was acquired by the sixth Duke in 1838, and so little was its value then realised that he paid £100 for a lot containing the head and other items. "It had been found in a dry river-bed in Cyprus. The Benedictional,

another treasure, was written and illuminated for St. Aethelwold, Bishop of Winchester from 963 to 984 A.D. under the direction of his chaplain, Godeman, who in 971 became Abbot of Thorney Island, in the diocese of Ely. St. Ethelreda was patron saint of Ely. The drawings, exhibited at the Arts Council in London in 1949, include a series of drawings of animals, mostly birds, and plants by unidentified Old Masters, some possibly by Giovanni da Udine. Among the world-famous pictures is Memling's Donne Triptych.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

TO us, I often think, the most confusing thing about American fiction is the common language. For it suggests a common outlook, a community of meanings. We expect to know where we are—and then, perhaps, discover we are all abroad.

Take, for example, "Melville Goodwin, U.S.A.," by John P. Marquand (Robert Hale; 15s.). As we all know, its author is among the most reflective, moderate and subtle critics of American life. Here we confront a vast and detailed study, which abounds in interest and in professional dexterity. One can't quite say that it has failed to travel; for much has brilliantly come through, and we are never dull. But we are always consciously outside. This tale is not to our address, and must look rather different in America.

Yet there is nothing alien about the theme: the "army type," with its naïveté, its dedication, its monastic innocence. The hero, Goodwin, is a hero by trade. He has been stamped for ever at West Point, and, as a general commanding tanks, he reached fulfilment in the late war. Then, just as he was getting good, the war was over. Melville is fifty, at a restless age and an uneasy check in his career—when suddenly he hits the limelight. It is all bosh; he merely kept his head in a potential "incident," with a reporter at his elbow. As a result, he is yanked back to Washington and given over to the newshounds—and to Dottie Peale, a wealthy, fascinating and determined widow, who, like Diogenes, is always looking for a man. She had already fixed the General in Paris, swept him off his feet, and then stopped answering his letters. Now he looks valuable again. And he is right out of his groove, vexed with his army wife—in short, all ready for a fatal plunge.

He is exhibited throughout by Sidney Skelton, a commentator in commercial radio, and thus a showman by trade. Sidney provides a foil to Goodwin, yet a parallel—and incidentally a kind of sub-plot. Also, his house becomes the scene of that prolonged and radical interrogation which will issue in a magazine profile. By this device we get the General's career from boyhood in his own words, together with an exhibition of the finished product, and repeated breaks in which the story can be moved on. The scheme is intricate and lagging, but superbly managed.

Only, the background overwhelms the plot. The General, in English eyes, is over-explained; we know the type so well. Yet in another sense, because his roots and idiom are different, he remains a stranger.

Betty de Sherbinin, the author of "The Monkey Puzzle" (Putnam; 12s. 6d.), is Canadian-born, but she has no such alien inflection. And she tells her story straight through. It is the story of a rigid and heroic woman, fighting a losing battle for her country in a strange land. Paula conducts her English school in Buenos Aires on almost comically English lines. For all her girls, British and Argentine alike, the gym tunic is *de rigueur*. It was not made for these precocious, luscious little Argentines—but they are made to wear it. They are urged to join the Girl Guides. And Paula teaches just as she would do at home, from an entirely British angle. She means the school to be a little England for the children of her own race, and to pass on their heritage intact. But it is clearly a lost cause. Thanks to the war, she is doing well financially; the British children can't go home, there is an influx of refugees, and, as the chance of victory improves, Argentine parents are growing keener on the English tongue. But they are also growing more "national." Classes in Spanish are imposed by law; inspectors roam the school in an unceasing chain, each with a different version of neutrality. After the war, this pressure will increase; the British residents will be impoverished or ousted. Their day of pride and separateness is done—and Paula's husband begs her to return home.

Arthur is dying; for all her agony of will, she can't prevent it. She can't even prevail on him to struggle. Nor can he teach her to resign herself. It is his nature to resign; but Paula's nature is to struggle in the teeth of fate, and in contempt of the "historic process." This is the barest outline of a moving, humorous, convincing novel. It has both love and comedy as well; it has symbolic undertones, and, in a quiet way, great distinction of mind.

"Windslab," by Cochrane Stewart (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), is about seven people in an Alpine hut, awaiting almost certain death. They can't escape, and nobody can reach them; and the slab must fall. Meanwhile, they are at odds among themselves. They are a mixed bag, dumped on this frontier peak by the incredible confusion of final victory. And there are two young beauties in their midst. David, who tells the story, is in love with Brosca, of the French Resistance; they are the good and stable ones. Monique is the young widow of a Cossack general who fought for Hitler; Du Matz was formerly his chief of staff; Roger, the tough and uninhibited Canadian, is now her lover...

And then, of course, we have the flashback: how, by their separate routes, they landed in this joint position. And afterwards the conflict settles down into a kind of duel between the headlong Roger and the repressed and melancholy German, with his mania for doing the right thing. This tale is very different from the usual Alpine yarn. It has much more to offer; indeed, its fault is that the substance overflows the narrative.

"Murder, Maestro, Please," by Delano Ames (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), is a brisk, complicated tale of murder in the Pyrenees. Puig d'Aze is putting on a music festival, with a retired, outrageous humbug as the big draw. And Jane is lured into attendance by an old school chum, who will be driving down with her rich husband and a youthful protégée. Jane and her Dagobert arrive by tandem, to find that Naomi's contingent also boasts a young man—Lothario and howling cad. Johnny is asking to be shot, escapes by inches, and promptly dies by misadventure. Only, of course, it wasn't misadventure...

What I enjoyed most was the fun. For Jane and Dagobert are very funny, in their lighter moments. But then the complications supervene—and they are quite good value in their own way.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

TEMPORA (AND TASTE) MUTANTUR.

IN one of his poems the late Mr. Humbert Wolfe sang a little naughtily about a newly ennobled gentleman's entry into the House of Lords:

Soap, attention! Listen, beer!
Glory to the new-made Peer!
Hark, the Heralds' College sings
As they take his quarters.

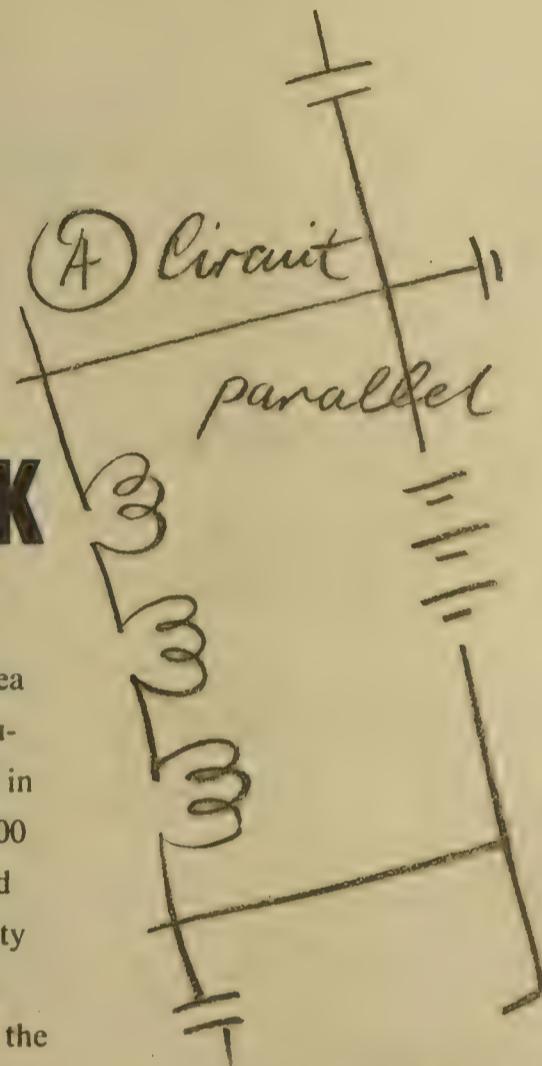
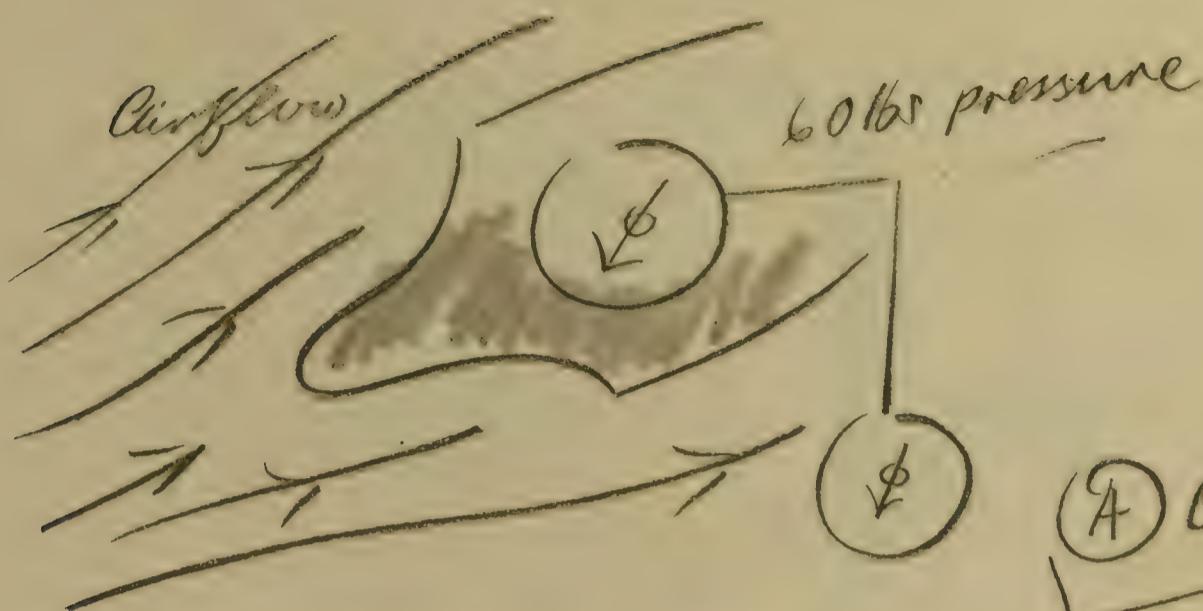
The Heralds' College, that graceful building in Queen Victoria Street, suffers, like many other estimable institutions, from a lack of knowledge of its history, constitution and functions. For the historian and amateur of heraldry this ignorance is corrected by the appearance of "The Records and Collections of the College of Arms," by Anthony Richard Wagner (Burke's Peerage; 6s.). The

College of Arms (or Heralds' College) is a Corporation. It consists of thirteen members. They are three Kings of Arms—Garter, Clarenceux and Norroy; six heralds—Lancaster, Chester, York, Richmond, Windsor and Somerset; and four pursuivants—Rouge Croix, Blue-mantle, Portcullis and Rouge Dragon. Mr. Wagner, the author of this excellent little booklet, holds the office of Richmond Herald, and like his colleagues is a member of the Royal Household, appointed by the Crown, by letters patent under the Great Seal on the nomination of the Duke of Norfolk as Earl Marshal of England. There have been heralds since the thirteenth century, and heraldry since Henry I., in 1127, hung what is thought to be the first shield of arms around the neck of Geoffrey Plantagenet, his future son-in-law, on knighting him before the wedding. The heralds have, however, only existed as a Corporation since 1484, and their present incorporation dates, to use an understatement on the part of Mr. Wagner which would delight an American, "only from 1555." The College has passed through a number of vicissitudes before arriving at its present status. Though Queen Mary Tudor gave them their first charter and home in Derby House (the site which they have occupied ever since), and though the Earl Marshal, Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, laid down regulations for its conduct in 1568, the College has seen many upheavals—including the beheading of the same Earl Marshal in 1572. There was a difficult period under the Commonwealth, constant quarrels between the three "Kings" as to their respective rights and jurisdictions, and the burning-down of the College in the Great Fire. From the seventeenth century onward, the science of heraldry and genealogy passed out of the realm of fiction into the more certain region of ascertainable fact. Thus, the assumption of the Elizabethan heralds that the British Royal family traced its descent through a number of fictitious British kings, beginning with Brutus, in about 1170 B.C., and so on back to Samothes, son of Japhet, who died in 2014 B.C., gradually gave way to the more prosaic study of parochial registers, recorded grants of arms, and so forth. At no time, except perhaps the present, has the interest in heraldry and genealogy been so great as during the reign of George III., when some of the most notable additions to the records of the College of Arms were made. This was partly due to the honours granted to military and naval commanders, and partly to the rise of the nabobs and other new men of wealth who wished to trace respectable past parentage or establish their heraldic honours for the future. It was fortunate that this period coincided with the long occupancy of the post of Garter, by Sir Isaac Heard, whose career extended from 1784 to 1822 and to whom the College of Arms must remain for ever indebted. Mr. Wagner has succeeded in packing so much into this most interesting little volume that it is almost ungenerous for an Irishman to suggest that the references to the Irish pedigrees are distinctly inadequate.

"Decoration and Furniture: The English Tradition," by Bruce Allsopp (Pitman; 75s.), is a valuable and finely-illustrated addition to the number of similar books which have traced our architecture and our decorative art, as this book does, from Saxon times to the present day. Mr. Allsopp, who is lecturer in architecture at the University of Durham, has added greatly to the value of the text by placing the purely architectural or decorative work which he describes and illustrates in its correct historical setting by adding to each period which he reviews a summary of the main political and sociological events which influence them. The illustrations, which run from an illuminated page of the Lindisfarne Gospels to a photograph of the Berkeley Hotel buttery as it is to-day, are finely reproduced.

That the whole nation could have lost its sense of taste so utterly during the mid-Victorian period is no more surprising than that the female sex could have been induced to make such a guy of itself during the 'twenties of our own century. Dr. Willett Cunnington, in "English Women's Clothing in the Present Century" (Faber; £3 13s. 6d.), believes that the tubular figure, the low waists, short skirts, cloche hats and other horrors of the period of the "schoolboy shape" (1919 to 1924) and the "schoolgirl shape" which lasted to 1930, were due to an unconscious homo-sexuality as a result of the destruction of a million potential husbands in World War I. It is refreshing to look backwards to the grace (which Dr. Willett Cunnington places as early as 1897), amusing and attractively illustrated book to the charm of the "New Look"—a period in dress design which this mere male believes is likely to be the most attractive he will see during his lifetime.

If the last two books cover periods when artistic taste was patchy, "Temple Newsam House" (Leeds Corporation; 10s. 6d.) deals with the great house acquired by the Corporation of Leeds in 1922 and which, under the City Art Gallery, is wholly of a piece—of good taste. Temple Newsam was the home of the Ingrams from the time when Sir Arthur Ingram rebuilt the Tudor house in the early seventeenth century and has descended by marriage to its last private owner, the present Lord Halifax. Leeds as a community is to be congratulated on the admirable taste with which the house has been preserved as a "country house museum," the civic owners of the building honourably continue the tradition of the aristocratic private owners of which it is a living memorial.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

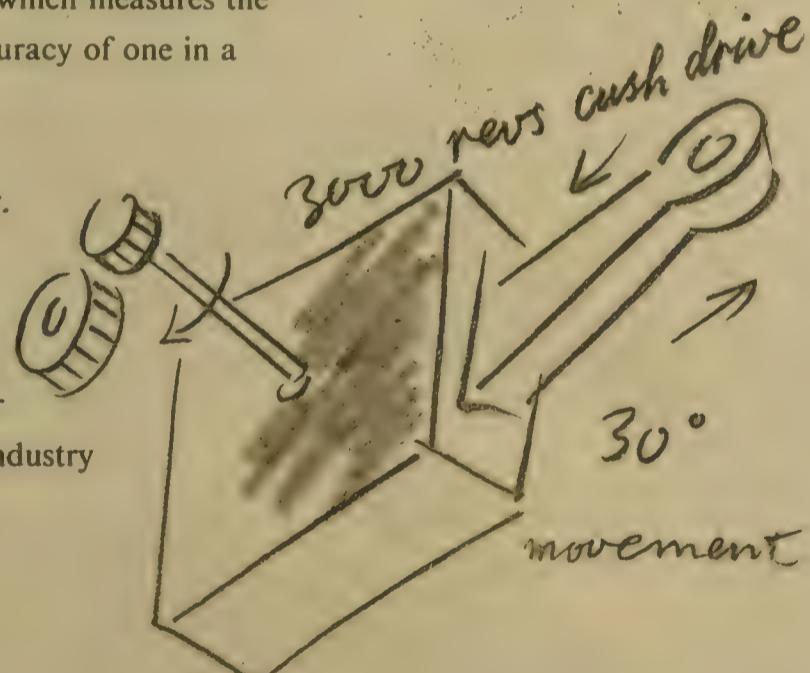
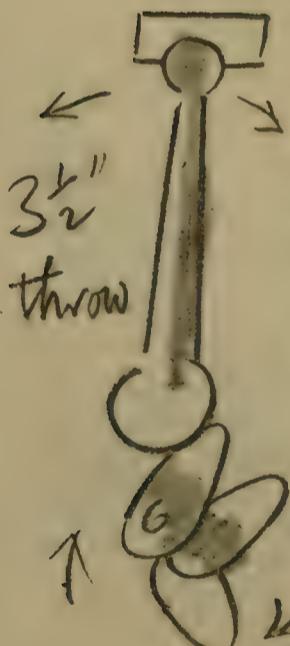


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* A photo print of Mr. Bondi's original letter can be inspected at the offices of the Rolex Watch Company Limited, 1 Green Street, London, W.1.



"... we were travelling up the river Jequitinhonha, in the State of Bahia, by canoe, to reach a famous *garimpo* . . ."



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MURANO REGATTA	(August 3)
NIGHT FÊTE ON THE GRAND CANAL	(August 16)
IN THE PALAZZO GRASSI:	
SILK EXHIBITION	(August 18 - October 19)
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Opera Season at Campo Sant'Angelo	(August)
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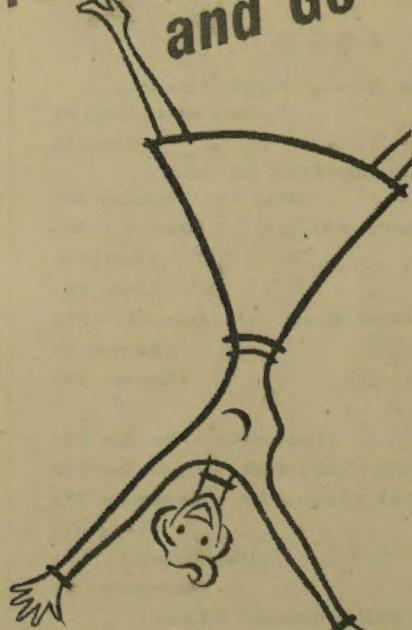
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